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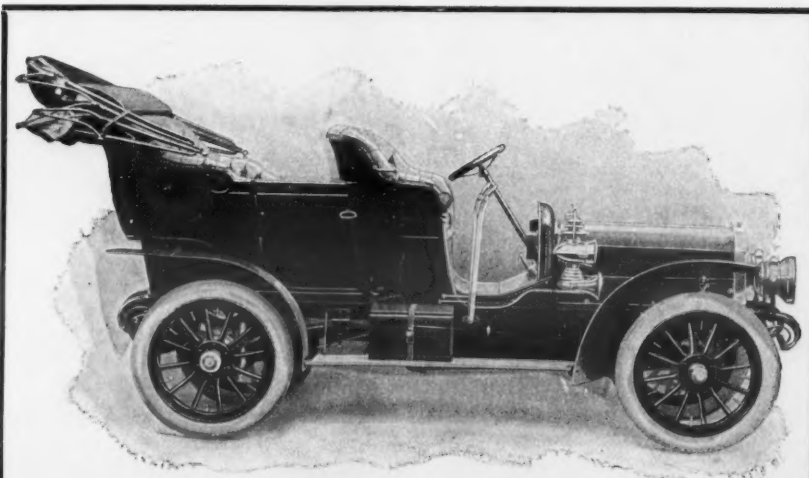
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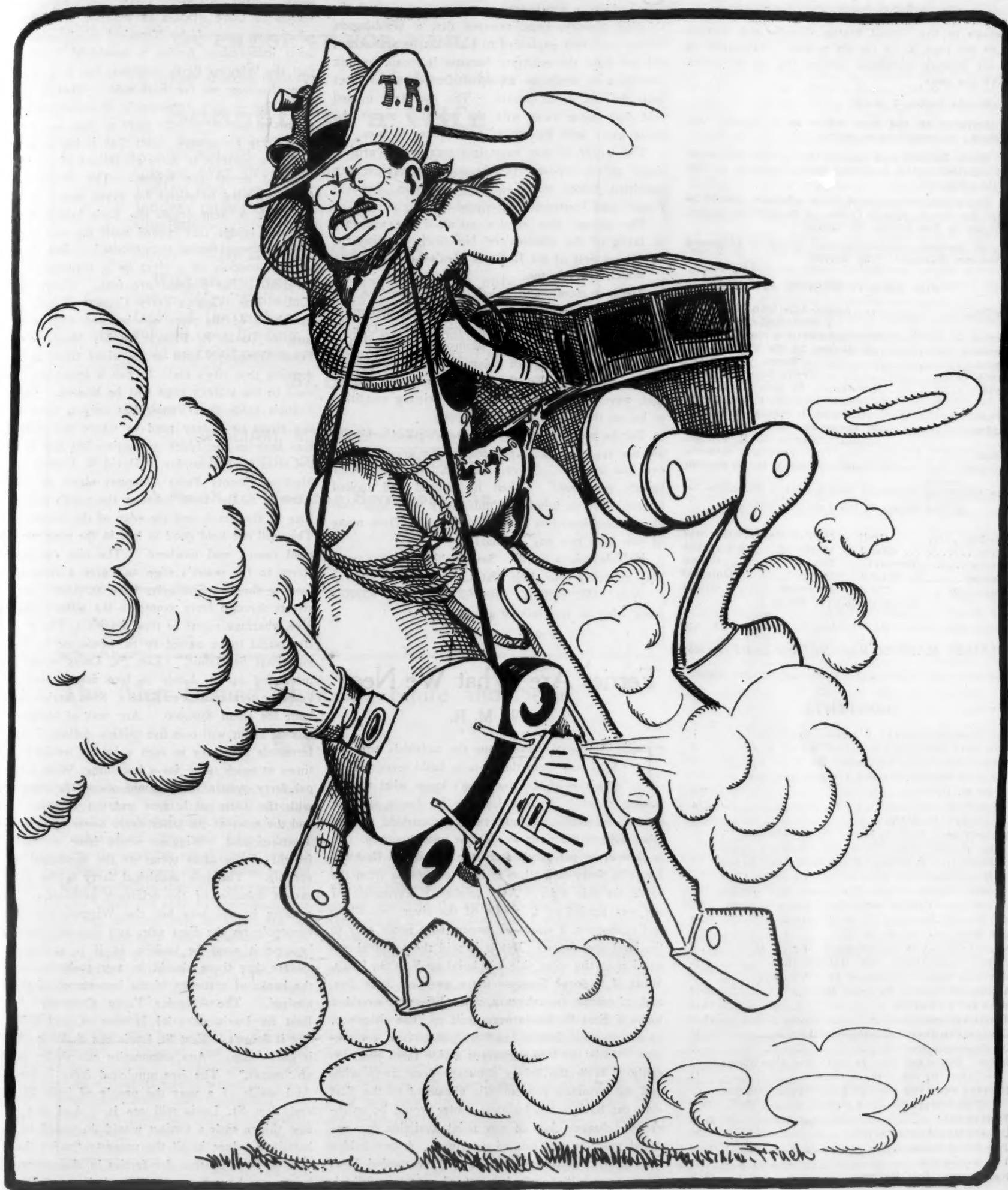
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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1905.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.



THE BRONCHO BUSTER.

By Frueh, the "Post-Dispatch" Cartoonist.

THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Who Gets Arbitrary Rebates?

By W. M. R.

S TILL harping on the arbitrary!

Last week the MIRROR printed a letter in which a gentleman who had investigated the shipping problem here, asserted that a Washington avenue merchant explained to him that he and others did not fight the arbitrary because it meant putting possible new rivals on an equal footing as to rates with the old great houses. The merchant quoted said that doing away with the arbitrary meant the doing away with \$30,000 a year rebates to him.

The writer of that letter is a trustworthy professional citizen whose word is good as against any merchant prince on Washington avenue between Fourth and Fourteenth, or elsewhere.

The charge that rebates maintain the arbitrary in favor of the wholesalers' big cinch explains the attitude at first of the Business Men's League.

Which reminds me.

About a month and a half ago, maybe less, the very pompous Commercial Club had a dinner at which the arbitrary was under discussion. One of the discussors was Joseph Ramsey, Jr. He was just then on the verge of going out of the presidency of the Wabash. To that fact he referred, saying that, nevertheless, he believed the existing condition to be, on the whole, best for the city.

But he went on to say that the so-called arbitrary did not apply to eighty per cent of the goods carried over the bridges. "Now," he said, "as to the other twenty per cent." Then he paused and looked around with an inimitably quizzically wise look that almost culminated in a wink, and said: "How many of you here pay any of that?"

Nobody said a word. Several big shippers gazed very earnestly into their plates.

Well? Oh, nothing; only—well, Joseph Ramsey knew what he was talking about.

Ferries Are What We Need

By W. M. R.

THOSE people who want the railroads entering St. Louis from the East to build terminals on this side of the river don't know what they're talking about. To buy land in St. Louis as near and as accessible as land easily procurable on the other side of the river would cost untold money. It is cheaper to get goods from the termini in East St. Louis by ferry now, than it is to get goods from the yards on this side. And quicker. Terminals of the sort needed on this side of the river would be had economics, a waste of money, with profit only to the land speculator. But it is said the terminal expansion on the other side will build up East St. Louis. What if it does? Suppose there were no State line, and, of course, no arbitrary, what difference would it make if East St. Louis were built up. The cities are, to all practical intents and purposes, one community. Only the bridge charges divide them commercially. With the bridge arbitrary done away with, and the terminals economically expanded on the East side, the haul to the business center would be quicker and cheaper than to any point available for terminal space on this side of the river. A new bridge will mean that terminal space will be needed here. That space will cost a big pot of money. What's

the use, if the goods can be brought over by ferry from East side terminals quicker and cheaper than from terminals in the West end? Therefore, is it not true that what we want is more ferries to facilitate wagon transportation of goods across the river? Ferries are cheaper than terminals, and more quickly provided. We don't want Wiggins ferries or Dave Francis or Madison County ferries, which are part of the Terminal combination. We want independent ferries, a municipal ferry system. But the Wiggins Ferry Company has a monopoly on river frontage on the East side. That is true—so far. But is such a monopoly in accord with public morals or policy? Hardly more so than was the Wiggins Ferry Company's claim that it had a perpetual exclusive contract to carry all freight of the C. & A. Railroad across the bridge. The Wiggins Ferry Company tried to collect for every pound of freight the C. & A. sent across the Eads bridge from the time the bridge was opened until the suit was filed. The case was finally compromised. But there can be no monopoly of a river by a corporation or individual. The streams are free. Courts will so hold. The Wiggins Ferry Company's hold on the east bank of the river can be, and will be broken, just as David R. Francis or his Madison County Ferry Company's hold on the river front at Venice, denying that city's right to run a street and county road to the water's edge will be broken. David R. Francis holds that Venice has only a right to run the street or county road to where the river bank was back in the fifties or forties, but not to where the river bank is to-day. David R. Francis and his Madison County Ferry Company claim all the land accreted to the bank between the road's end at the time of the grant, and the edge of the stream to-day. This will not hold good in law in the long run. The road cannot end nowhere. The city can push its street to the water's edge and give a rival ferry a landing there. Similarly, East St. Louis can force streets through ferry grants to the water's edge, and give wharfage rights to rival ferries. The rival ferries ought to be owned by St. Louis, or by this city and East St. Louis. East St. Louis would be as interested as St. Louis in free ferries that would keep the terminals over there. Five ferries could be built for about \$300,000. Any sort of bridge worth talking about will cost five million dollars. And the terminals necessary to such a bridge would cost five times as much more for a beginning. With a municipal ferry system there would always be competition with the Terminal bridges and the Wiggins ferries, and the rates of the latter could never be raised. The Terminal and Wiggins would have to carry the freight at the same terms as the municipal ferry—nothing. The free municipal ferry is the cheapest, easiest solution of the arbitrary problem. There's nothing in the way but the Wiggins and Francis monopoly on the East side, and that will be broken because it *must* be broken, as it is against public morals that there should be any such monopoly of the banks of a stream of the importance of the Mississippi. The Wiggins Ferry Company "owns" East St. Louis, does it? It says so, and thinks so. But it doesn't. East St. Louis can shake it off when it gets ready. Any community can shake off such an "owner." The free municipal ferry is the thing. And inside of a year the people of both St. Louis and East St. Louis will see it. And one of the first things such a project would do would be to rehabilitate values in all the property "under the hill," east of Fourth street, for ferries in abundance would bring warehouses to the river bank.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDYTHE MIRROR, ST. LOUIS, MO.**A Book to Woo the Sweetest She.****The Men Behind Shylock's Knife and Scales**

By W. M. R.

WAR on the money sharks! All right. But—have you ever been broke, either through your folly or misfortune? Have you ever been afraid or ashamed to go to your friends, when you couldn't go to the banks to raise a little money? Have you ever seen the chance for salvation resting absolutely in the few dollars that you can't get, and each one of them worth not only its component one thousand mills, but all that the future means in rehabilitation? Have you ever faced disgrace on one hand and averted faces of friends and closed doors of banks on the other? You haven't. Well, then, don't abuse the money lender who has saved many a fellow from utter ruin, disgrace, suicide. The so-called shark has advanced money where no one else would to many a man who has with that aid come up out of the Slough of Despond; yea, even out of the Valley of the Shadow. He has given money with the chance all against its return, with that chance represented most pathetically and emphatically in the desperateness of the promise of future compensation. He has lost many a time. Now and again he has won. His money has pulled out the man to whom he loaned it, and the man it pulled out has never—or very rarely—failed to pay all that was

asked for its use. It's all very well to howl about "the money shark," and often he is a fearsome wretch, but not always. He loans on thin security, and therefore asks much. But often enough when those who appeal to him try to deal fairly with him, he is very easy in his terms, and anything but the Shylock he is pictured. If John H. Vette, for instance, got from the men his loans have set on their feet, and in the way of success and fortune, any adequate reward for his help in the nick of time, he would be the wealthiest man in St. Louis, and Brooks Johnson has saved more men than many of those who roast him have "broken." These two men are the leaders in financing the man who can't be financed in the regular way. They give the man his last chance, and if it be not much of a chance it is due to the fact that the turned backs of bankers and friends have minimized it to a caducity almost indistinguishable. There are those who every day thank both these men from the bottom of their hearts for having saved them when none else would. They got their price—but it was small at that. They had a thousand to one chance of getting nothing. John Vette never nailed anyone to the cross who would pay, but couldn't. Neither did Brooks Johnson. They

have nailed those who, after they had been helped out of the darkest extremities, could pay the price, but wouldn't. I am aware that their business is not an exalted one. But their business has helped many a man to exalt himself after degrading himself to where he couldn't get even advice to say nothing of money. They are not of a class with the wolves who prey upon the very poor; but even some of those who lend small sums on what is practically no security are victimized by those whom they help. It is such fun to cheat a money-lender out of what he has loaned you. The house in Pompeii that is best preserved and from which is deduced most of what we know of home life in that city is known as the House of Vettius. Vettius was a money-lender and much hated—scurrile attacks upon him for his exactions have been found on dead walls near his house—but he was a man of taste and of the domestic affections and he appears to have been a pretty good sort after all. I have often wondered if our Vette was a descendant of that family, and when I hear the clamor of crusaders against our *dernier resort* financier and think of those who might and should testify how his aid, when all other aid was out of the question, rescued them from disaster, and do not—I think what a lot of damned hypocrites we mostly are. We don't rave at a bank when it crimps and crushes a borrower, though there are some banks that never push anyone to the wall if they can possibly help it. We don't howl at the broker who closes us out when we can't margin up. We don't get up crusades against the big real estate concerns that evict people, or the big stores that garnishee small salaries for debt. We simply save all our indignation for the man who lends when none else will and asks for his own according to the terms of the bond. That there are shylocks who do rob the poor unmercifully, I admit. They deserve punishment for usury. But I don't believe that the crusade against these should be carried on in such a way as to prompt those who have borrowed from money lenders to repudiate their obligations, especially when the man who made the loans did so under conditions which barred the borrower from all other sources of supply. All of which I respectfully submit with the proviso that nothing herein said is to be construed as a concession that there is any justification, divine or human, for the exaction of interest. Provided, also, that I do not approve the money lending trade. Provided, also, that it is understood that the rapacious, the ravenous, the stony-hearted and soulless money lender is a product of social and economic conditions that can be but are not rectified. The money lender preys upon the man who has been kept out of his own or deprived of it by a status of society and a complex of laws and customs which amount to absolute, unmitigated robbery. The money lender is a symptom of an evil, not an evil in himself. He lends what others have not earned to those who have earned what others have seized and kept. What others have which they have not earned is stolen from those who did earn it. And those who suffer want, barring those who have their own sin and folly to blame for it, are those who have been by usurpation under forms of law kept out of their heritage. The vaster fortunes of this country are the earnings of the country itself, of the people of the country, of the rights of the people in the soil of the country diverted by foolish grants into private hands. Those vaster fortunes represent therefore what those in want have been deprived of as their share of the earnings of the country's increase. There would be no ravening money lenders if there were no dispossessed and disinherited, and there would be no dispossessed and disinherited if there were no privileged classes. It is the holders of and beneficiaries of privilege who deserve our scorn and wrath, since they are the men behind *Shylock's* knife and scales. And the politicians making capital of a war on money lenders are the fellows who bestow to their own profit the privileges or usurpations of public right which in their operation dis-

possess the many and drive the hopeless and helpless to the money sharks. A politician fighting money lenders is a sight for the gods, when he himself fattens by being a tool of the grabbers of privilege, when he in all his greatness is only the poorly paid traitor who betrays his fellows to the franchise-grabbers. Q. E. D.

Down With the Dance

By W. M. R.

THE morning after Thanksgiving Day there appeared in the veritistic *Republic* this piece of news from New York: "The light fantastic was changed to the heavy tragic when Miss Elsie Olsen was dancing with her sweetheart, George Patterson, at the Teutonia assembly rooms, Third avenue. In the waltz's whirl Peterson slipped on the polished floor, and his forehead struck Miss Elsie in the face, stunning both. She fell, cutting the back of her head, and at the sight of her good Scandinavian blood other women became faint or hysterical. The band ceased to play, consternation reigned, and an ambulance was called from Bellevue Hospital. Doctor Caldwell dressed the girl's hurts, and Peterson took her in a carriage to her home, No. 14 Houston street, Greenpoint." Where is the President? Talk about the casualties in football! It is no worse than dancing. The terpsichorean rush is as deadly as the gridiron rush. The tackle in the waltz is dangerous. Dancing must be suppressed. Or the rules must be modified. Only hugs of certain mensurable degrees of intensity shall be permitted. The close tackle must be stopped, likewise the interlocking limb in the latest two step which is more simulatively suggestive of the orgies of the *danse du ventre* than anything hitherto known. The football season is over. The dancing season is at its height. The votaries will soon be frenzied—especially under the mistletoe. The dance must be curbed in its mad swirl. Congress appears to be pretty well tamed to the President's hand on the rate question. It is meet therefore that he should take up the modification of dancing. It is possible that he could lead such a crusade without its interfering at all with his anti-race suicide crusade. The President's crusades have the merit of not interfering with one another. The square deal won't conflict with any proposal to cut out the savagery from the round dance. The President will find all the preachers with him. There will be no opposition to his movement except from us fellows who don't dance. We want dancing promoted. Because why? Because we can get the nice bright girls—those who like to hear us talk about ourselves—under the stairways, in the cosy corners, in the conservatories, while all the others are dancing and—oh you know. There's no place in the world for love making like a big dance—for those who don't dance. None of the "brainy" people dance, you know. "Their brains are not in their heels." You've heard that so often, haven't you, and thought she meant it, too—when all the time she was crazy to get to some pivoter and tell him what a time she had breaking away from that stiff—yourself. The President, however, won't care for us non-dancers. He votes us dalliers and therefore dastards. The President has no use for a philanderer. Dancing looks good to him. It reminds him of bears in grapple with him. He loves the story of the woman on a train in the West who was waked up one morning by a bear hugging her in her berth. When the other passengers rescued her and took the bear away she fainted. When she recovered the rescuers sympathized with her and congratulated her on her narrow escape. "Why," she said, "I didn't mind it so much. He was a real nice man. All I didn't like was that big automobile coat he had on." She liked the hugging. Therefore it is possible that

the ladies will not be so solidly behind the President in a crusade to civilize dancing as in a movement to soften football. More ladies have cracked ribs from huggers in dancing than footballers get broken arms or legs on the gridiron. They love the danger even though they perish in it. Still, the casualties of the dancing floor must be diminished. We cannot stand for the maiming and disabling consequent upon the collisions of waltzes. Some base savages may love the thrill of a ball-room tumble that exposes limb and lingerie. Some may dote on the malice of the girl who loves to trip her partner just as he thinks he's got his gait and is "going some." But the greatest good to the greatest number imperatively demands that the dance be deprived of its ferocity and cruelty. Who has not seen a poor man wilted, exhausted, sapless and spineless vainly endeavoring to catch a breath of air and then some *belle dame sans merci* pouncing upon him, dragging him out into the center of the arena and there making him reel through evolutions continuous until he is like to collapse in her lethal and lovely arms? Do not these malefic dears plot to take turns at a man and dance him into a comatose condition out of which he wakes to find not only that he can't get down to work in the office, but that he asked for someone's hand and is "nailed for life!" A man who dances is at the mercy of the sex that excites the hatred of Bernard Shaw, and the cat-like creatures know it. They are cruel. "Ye are crueller ye that we love than hatred or hunger or death." They dance a man unto his doom. They are tireless in their corybantic allurements. They know that they can lead a man into the dance and after that into anything else. They know the subtle poison of the terpsichorean manoeuvring. They know what Byron intimates in his waltz poem. That's why they hate Byron—for giving the secret away. The dance! It is ruining our young men. It is unfitting them for business. It is unfitting them for fatherhood. They dance their strength away. It is unfitting them to cope with the modern athletic girl in the struggle of life. Something must be done. When something must be done there is only one man to do it. That's Theodore Roosevelt! *Vive* Roosevelt? *A bas* the dance.

Questions

By W. M. R.

THE bucket shops? They are still open, are they not? What of the erstwhile noisy movement against them? Chief of Police Collins closed them in Chicago quite handily. Who has quit? What has caused the quit? Why is the clamant press suddenly pacified? Is it because the bluff to raid the Merchants' Exchange as a bucket shop scared off the upholders of apparent respectability? What a queer thing that the whole anti-bucket shop crusade fizzles when some big brokers are found to have been dealing in imaginary grain! Yet these big and wealthy brokers become apoplectic in applause over the *dictum*: "All the laws on the statute books must be enforced."

MR. E. G. LEWIS of the People's Bank has been twice indicted for fraud in the use of the mails. But the lawyers who have been advising him in his career at \$10,000 per year, or thereabouts, go free. Lewis should sue for the return of his fees, if he should find that his eminent and respectable attorneys have failed to keep him within the law and out of the penitentiary.

Reflections

Your Christmas Present

IT'S getting around towards Christmas time, and you're worrying over the great problem of what you shall give for a Christmas present to this, that and 'tother friend. Why not subscribe for them all for one year to the MIRROR. Thus they would have every week a reminder of you, and, we flatter ourselves, not wholly an unpleasant reminder. For a ten dollar bill you can for five friends punctuate a year, fifty-two times, with thankful thoughts of yourself for the pleasure the MIRROR will bring them. You couldn't do many nicer things than this, and you know it, for if it were not so, why would you read the MIRROR so religiously and regularly? Think of this. A year's subscription to the MIRROR is a Christmas present that will recurrently evoke a gratitude which almost no other souvenir will generate in the recipient. It's a continuous performance, a new present each week. To friends far away, it's a letter from home, a reminder of little old St. Louis, and the up-to-date institution in the town, even when its wrong or wicked or—well, may it ever be anything but dull.

♦♦

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND has subscribed \$250 to the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building in St. Paul. This is a thing that will cause extreme physical qualms in the foreign Catholic clergy who see their church being ruined by way of Americanism, though not one of them would turn down a non-Catholic's subscription to a Catholic church or school.

♦♦

Driving Us to "Kosher" Meat.

THE MIRROR's department of "Letters from the People" starts things. Last week a correspondent called attention to the dangers in cold storage meats and pointed out the evils growing out of lack of meat inspection. This week a doctor discloses that cold-storage game and poultry disseminate consumption. Every few days people are poisoned by the ptomaines in cold storage meat, fish and game. Cold storage only arrests decay to give it swifter progress when the flesh is thawed in the cooking. This is a serious matter indeed, especially when those speaking with authority convince us, as in the letter in this issue of the MIRROR, that cold storage is a device of almost immeasurable deadliness. The discussion brings up the whole question of the city's meat supply. To what extent are we protected from diseased beef, mutton, pork, poultry, game and fish? Honest butchers say that we have no protection whatever, except the honesty of the butchers; that the laws and their administration are farcical. The meat is not adequately inspected. The city we are told is a dumping ground for bad meat. What inspection there may be must be only of the most superficial character. Just think of the fact that there are only four inspectors of the city of St. Louis to examine the thousands of tons of flesh, fish and fowl food that are consumed daily in this community of 600,000 people. It stands to reason these men can not do the work properly. They can only simply glance at the meat and pass it. They can't tell if it be bad unless it smells strong enough to knock them down. Still the monthly reports of the city Health Department show tons upon tons of

meats condemned. The interesting question arises: What becomes of this condemned meat? Does it go to the garbage reduction works? Is it left with the dealer in whose possession it is found. The law, to be effective, should name the owners of the condemned meat in order to force them to dispose of it otherwise than, possibly, by sale for food. There is nothing to show these dealers don't sell it as food, after it has been condemned. The man who wants to sell bad meat can do so, to the detriment of the dealer who doesn't. If the names of those in whose possession bad meat was found were published, they would have to destroy the meat, as the public would be on guard against all meat bought at those places. It is a well known fact that there are many preparations on the market, designed for the treatment of tainted and diseased meats. Large quantities of these preparations are sold. They are extensively, attractively, expensively advertised. It is said that these preparations enable anyone to destroy even the trace of the coal oil with which condemned meats are supposed to be sprinkled by the local inspectors after finding them to be bad. There are a number of United States inspectors, one at every big slaughter house, who follow up the local inspectors and cases are frequently known in which the United States inspectors mark as "fit for human food" meats condemned by the local inspectors. This conflict leaves the meat in question both good and bad. The dealer who wants to be dishonest gives himself the benefit of the doubt, especially when he can get such meat cheaper than good meat. There should be a provision of law for the public destruction of condemned meat. There should be rules which will not permit one inspector to mark meat fit and another to mark it unfit for human food. Meat can't be both. Meat that one man finds unfit can't possibly be fit for another. Degrees of unfitness are not to be considered in such a case. Clearly the law must be looked into and amended to fit the necessities of the situation. Inspectors are only human and amenable to the influence which big butchers may bring to bear either financially or politically. "Presents" may blind their eyes and stop their noses. There doesn't seem to be anything for those people to do who desire to be careful about the quality of their flesh food but to patronize the butchers of the town who are *Kosher*. There are about seven rabbis who supervise the slaughtering for the Jews and if there were more demand for that sort of meat doubtless the number of *Kosher* butchers would increase to meet it.

❖ ❖

O'DELL and Platt are both out of it in Republican politics, but not quite so far out as Depew. The others may be wicked, but Chauncey was smug, and smugness is flabby hypocrisy.

❖ ❖

Three Cent Fares a National Issue.

THE way for three cent fare lines in Cleveland, Ohio, was opened last week by the decision of the Supreme Court which dissolved the injunction restraining the Forest City Railway Company from constructing a low fare line on Denison avenue in that pretty city. Another injunction suit is yet to be decided before the line can be completed. The Forest City Railway received a franchise two years ago on the three cent fare basis. Franchises now held by the Cleveland Electric Railway Company will not be renewed unless the company accepts three cent fares. All of which is a big victory for Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland's Mayor. He has insisted that street car lines can be run on a three cent fare basis at a profit.

He has offered to run a road on that basis himself, but the other street railroad men wouldn't let him. Johnson, by the way, is one of the most successful street railway men in the United States. His business ability doesn't prevent his being a radical Democrat and a Single Taxer. He has had a hard fight for his three cent idea, but it appears to be winning out, just as his taxation ideas are winning out. Cleveland, one of the wealthiest cities in the world, at first shivered in its boots when Johnson was elected Mayor. It thought him an Anarchist. Now the community is, as we say, "dead stuck on him." He runs the city as he wills. This is good as far as it goes, but the worst of it is that Johnson's success only proves once more Plato's proposition that the ideal government of a community is a benevolent despotism. But benevolent despotisms don't last or are not frequent. Furthermore, wise reformers feel uneasy in their minds when they observe that "the best interests," the "big cinches," the "ultra-respectables" begin to "take up" a reformer and pat him on the back. They began to burrow around to find out what the object of the petting and patting has been doing for the special interests. This is not to say that as yet Mayor Tom is exactly under suspicion, but he soon will be, if franchise folks keep on boosting him. However, three cent fares seem to be about to be realized in Cleveland and the approach of such realizations shows that Johnson is a man who does things. He has had a great fight. The politicians, the business interests, the courts, most of the preachers have been against him. He has been "ripped" and "gerrymandered" and blocked in all his schemes in every way, but gradually the ideas he advocates are making headway and the courts are coming around to see things the way the people see them. Johnson is a powerful factor in Ohio and though a "theorist"—with an absolutely irrefutable theory—he is no slouch as a politician. The way he goes ahead winning his fights is gathering around him a great following and he will mark the time for Ohio in the next Democratic National Convention, now that Pattison, Democrat, has swept the State. Johnson will be a power with Bryan and Folk and Garvin, and Hearst and Dunne and the Democratic party will voice its opinion. It won't be gagged again with a "gold telegram." Mark this. The next Democratic platform will be made by the Single Taxers. It won't come out for the doctrine or the limit of the doctrine, but it will be infused, permeated and vitalized by the George doctrine which strikes at the evil in protest against which this government was founded—privilege. Three cent fares may seem a trifling issue, but it's getting back to the land question direct, and it makes for the awakening of Democracy in the cities, where it has been drugged to dormancy with capitalistic pap in the press and the influence of the "interests" in the party organization.

❖ ❖

BURTON, of Kansas, and Mitchell of Oregon. A beautiful pair. But not so bad as Clark of Montana. Or Depew. The United States Senate is indeed fallen on evil days. It is made up mostly of retainers of railroad systems in various States. Thank the Lord, Missouri's representation is not tainted with the railroad influence.

❖ ❖

HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY is to be head of the Committee on Appropriations in Congress. Fine, I don't think. Tawney favored the great mileage grab. Tawney was a conspicuous World's Fair insider. He knew a good thing when he saw it. He was of great, and, we trust, not unrecompensed assistance

to the Fair project in Washington. He's on an exceedingly good committee. Bully for Tawney. We dearly love to see an efficient man invariably landing in the immediate vicinity of the place where the good things grow. We shall hear much of the Hon. James A. Tawney.

❖ ❖

PLAGIARISM is alleged against Gov. Folk in an address at a funeral. No man can write or talk of or at a funeral without plagiarism, if he wants to say anything worth while. There's nothing new to be said of death—or of life, for that matter.

❖ ❖

G. O. P. Missouri Pie

MR. NIEDRINGHAUS, as pie-distributor for the Republican party, is up against a tough job. It will be difficult to get present incumbents out of office. They will all prove their loyalty. But Missouri, as "the mysterious stranger," should get some considerable recognition in the way of jobs outside the State, and even outside the country. The defunct Mr. Kerens is giving evidence of intent to make trouble. But the only trouble a political corpse can make is to stink. Major Warner, Mr. Niedringhaus, Mr. Bartholdt and Mr. Akins will not be disturbed by the stench from the neighborhood of Mr. Kerens. Mr. Akins may yet get the Mexican ambassadorship. The man who was promised it before him may be sent to Brazil, where the American ministry is to be raised in salary and in rank to that of ambassador, and then Mr. Akins will go to Mexico. Mr. Akins has many political enemies, but he was an original Roosevelt man, and he handled well the job of putting Kerens to the bad. He has been a leader of more ability than has been generally recognized, because he hasn't pushed himself to the front. He deserves something good, for he was a fairly wealthy man when he entered politics, and his prominence therein has cost him about ten times more than all he may have drawn in salary. If he might honorably recoup his losses in a high-salaried ambassadorship that arrangement would be the square thing done by a pretty square man. The other leaders cannot do better than stand together for substantial honors to the man from Humansville. Senator Warner and Mr. Niedringhaus have not yet fallen out. The Senator is feeling his way along in the matter of spoils. In fact, it begins to dawn upon the Republicans that their Senator is quite as "foxy" as his Democratic colleague ever was accused of being, even in the absorption of the lustral egg and the hiding of the accusative shell. The man who will be found close to Niedringhaus when the St. Louis jobs are to be given out, if any changes are to be made, will be Otto Stifel. Somewhere about will be one Edwards Whitaker, too. If there is fated to be a Republican successor to Stone, it may be Edwards Whitaker. Strange, though, that we don't hear of anything doing for the man who made the sacrifice hit of last November to bring in all the runs while being put out at first himself—Cyrus Patrick Walbridge. Walbridge ought, by all the rules of the game, to have an embassy, if not a place in the Cabinet. What will Mr. Niedringhaus himself get? Nothing yet, but later, even—good and even.

❖ ❖

The Welchers

THOSE prominent citizens who welched on their agreement to turn over their Wiggins Ferry stock to the Rock Island road and thus forced the Ferry company into the Terminal Association, deprived the city of the benefit of a competitor with the bridges in the transpontine transportation of freight. If the Rock Island had got the ferry stock the so-called

bridge arbitrary would have gone glimmering at once.

♦♦

A Fallen Star.

THE police force! Who made it what the Grand Jury says it is? Not Kiely. No one but the gallant and handsome young boss who is championed as a reform leader by the *Republic*. What corrupted the police? Tapping them for money for politics. That started them to tapping criminals and others to make up the holes in their salaries. What made them the friends, aiders and abettors of thieves? Forcing them to work with thieves at primaries and elections. Making them ignore violations of law by men in politics. There was none of this until the *Republic's* young man of politics made the force a part of politics. With his advent came the power of the dive-keeping crook to "break" an officer who dared interfere with his graft. The police were debauched by one man only. That man is to-day the political representative of Mayor Rolla Weiss. He is the man for whose continuation in leadership the *Republic* is editorially striving. He is the pet of swell lobbyist, Sam Priest. He is a political weasel for Dave Francis. He built up the great Cella-Adler-Tilles gambling syndicate by his police position combined with party leadership. He became of the firm of counsel for nearly every concern which anticipated clashes with the law and all because his police potency made him a man to conciliate as a lawyer. The Grand Jury report doesn't mention his name. Neither do I. But the community knows of whom the report is an indictment, without any naming of names. The young boss is more to be pitied than blamed. He did it all, undoubtedly, at first for his party's sake. He was led gradually into the mire which now splashes him by a passion for organization and victory. This Grand Jury report makes him only the more pitiable because he is a man who has not forgotten his ideals, because he is of the silken tribe and the gentle strain, because his faults are of the generous order gone awry, because he is a charming, magnetic personality "subdued to what he works in, like the dyer's hand." Most pitiable of all is that he is, at the last, left with his gifts and qualities, however subtly deteriorated, in company unworthy even of his speckled personal grace—alone with Sam Priest, Dave Francis and the *Republic*, and Wells.

♦♦

A WICKED but artistic photographer sued the pretty Miss Edmee Anheuser for over \$400 for pictures of herself, which she had ordered for Christmas gifts to her friends. If the picture man had won, we see the finish of David R. Francis. He never could pay for all his photographs. We believe that photographers pay him for the privilege of taking pictures of him.

♦♦

Heroic Miss Gibney

EDITH ESTELLE GIBNEY, of Washington boulevard, St. Louis, is made of the right stuff. She will not compromise her suit against Klaus Steiner, of Pittsburgh, for breach of promise. A jury, after hearing read the letters in which Klaus told his love, awarded her \$13,975 for damages to her affections. Klaus' lawyers have appealed to the United States Court for another trial. They think that the award of damages was excessive. They hope that they can try the case this time without permitting Klaus' letters to be read in court. They will admit that Klaus loved the lady, and thus relieve her of the necessity of proving that he did. Those were powerful let-

ters. If they can be kept out of the evidence the next jury may not give such a heavy verdict against Klaus. Juries, it seems, like to soak a man who writes letters, especially letters containing impromptu original poetry, like the mottoes we used to find wrapped around what we used to call kiss-candies. But the lawyers of Edith Estelle Gibney say the letters must be read. The quantity and quality of Klaus' love must be shown. It was no zephyr. It was a devastating, withering sorrocco, a simoon, a Khamsin wind. It bore down upon Edith Estelle Gibney, and swept her into Klaus' arms. The letters come hot from his heart, which, in Shakespearean phrase, was "sighing like a furnace." Those letters show what kind of love it was that Edith Estelle had been made accustomed to, and what a gorgeous, correggiositudinous, Turnerian, diapasonic, saccharinely sussurrating, luxuriantly luscious affection it was that was withdrawn from her grasp, torn from out of her young life, when Klaus Steiner told her he couldn't marry her. The letters, only the letters can show what sort of love it was that Edith Estelle lost. A mere admission of an engagement won't do. Edith Estelle wants to show that she had every reason to believe her engagement was to be of the most exquisitely perfect sort, culminating in hymeneal raptures of a calorific and *coloratura* intensity inevitably deducible from the incandescent epistolary correspondence. She was prepared to be wrapped into a golden-flaming heaven of conjugal love, not to be given a dead frost and thrown down from a height supernal even as the Miltonic rebel, "from the zenith like a falling star, on Lemnos, the Aegean isle." She will have her \$13,975, or all those letters will be read again with all the elecutionary effect her attorneys can put into their rendition. And, besides, even if she might consent to a compromise of her suit against the lobsterizing Klaus, she wants to reserve the right to enter another suit against Klaus' sisters, who didn't want her to marry him because she "left hair in the comb" after dressing her hair. She wants to prove that the sisters acted towards her like "cats." She can forgive the vacillating Klaus, but never his sisters, who criticised her gowns. Those gowns were made here in St. Louis by Giuseffi, and there is no fault which the most exacting connoisseur in confections of modes and robes can find with those masterpieces of *coutouiere* construction. The charming Edith Estelle is determined that her "form" shall be vindicated. She will stand up for the glory of her native town, and assert that she was always and ever appropriately appointed while she was being beguiled by the *morbidessa* Klaus. All St. Louis is with her. We are glad Klaus didn't get her. We wouldn't be without her for the world.

LATER. Thus far had we written when Miss Gibney, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented" to settle for \$10,000 and "burn those letters." We shall never put faith in woman's superiority to the coin in hand again. Still, \$10,000 is "a dignified sum," even though we would not take it for the ideal which the lady has shattered for us.

♦♦

Will White vs. Ed. Butler.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says the maps of Hell and Ireland are in the face of our Col. Ed. Butler. Now, the colonel is a bold, bad man, but it is a safe bet of about one million to one that he has done more real good in the world than all the writers of *McClure's* staff together will ever do. Ed. Butler is a bad man, I said. But a very good one, too. And he isn't the ignoramus White paints him in *McClure's*. And there are thousands of people, good, bad and

indifferent, in this town, who love Ed. Butler, not because of his evil power, but because of his big manliness, compared with which even his great villainy in practical politics is a trifling thing. If White is as wrong in all his character studies of big politicians as he is about Col. Ed Butler, his estimates of their abilities are not worth much. Gov. Folk, in the course of a study of whom Mr. White takes a prod at Ed. Butler, wouldn't indorse the White idea of our blacksmith boss. Ed. is crude and jagged, and coarse, but there's a quality of character in him that is Michael-angellesque. The man who has met Butler and holds him for nothing in intellect or heart is fearfully fooled.

♦♦

WATCH the *Republic* putting the knife into Folk, its own hero. Dave wills it.

♦♦

What Our School Teachers Need

ST. LOUIS school teachers and pupils didn't get a Friday holiday thrown in with Thursday and Saturday last week. Friday, needless to say, was worse than no day at all as a school day. Teachers and pupils were listless. Well, there comes on a little later the brief Christmas vacation of the schools: one week. The teachers, it is understood, are docked for that time; are not paid for it. This seems a small and mean sort of arrangement. Are any of the salaries of the officials docked for that time, because there is less school work for them when the schools are closed. We trow not. Seems to me that what St. Louis school teachers need is some sort of a federation, such as exists in other cities, to assert themselves and their rights. Not a trades union, necessarily, but some organization to give the teachers a solidarity and to enable them to concentrate effort in order to compel an amelioration of their condition. They won't obtain relief otherwise. We only get what we fight for in this world, and very little uplift comes to any class in the community from spontaneous generosity on the part of others. In Chicago the schools teachers' organization has been a tremendous powerful factor in the city's life. It forced a higher assessment of notoriously under-assessed property in order to make good its demand for better pay. What was done in Chicago can be done here.

♦♦

What Stewart Said.

DID Mr. Alphonso Stewart say at the Jewish anniversary that the Jew would continue to be persecuted until he learned the great fact—meaning salvation through Christ? It is said he said it. If he did, it was an impertinence on the occasion and a great error of predestinarian propagandism. Many prominent local Jews understood Mr. Stewart to have said something to the effect referred to and they are naturally indignant that their faith or lack of it should be inferentially criticised by a man holding a position of the importance of President of the Police Board. It must be that Mr. Stewart is misunderstood or that he doesn't frame his public utterances with the care he bestows upon the preparation of mortgages and foreclosures for the Union Trust Company. The *MIRROR* does not believe that Mr. Stewart is such a chump as the remark accredited to him would indicate.

♦♦

IN our catoptric capacity we cannot fail to reflect the great glamour of the wonderful personality of Mr. James Gideon McConkey, secretary to Mayor Wells. Mr. McConkey has not been doing anything lately to bring himself prominently before the public, but we were just sitting alone in the office the other

day musing upon nothing in particular, and something stirred in our inner conscience and took shape, and it was just the abstract concept men call McConkey. Just McConkey! We leave the thought with you, dear reader! Think it and be rapt, entranced, translated psychically into exaltations beyond the uttermost aspiration of speech! McConkey! Ah-h-h!

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SOCIETY will not turn out to greet Dr. Douglas Hyde when he shall visit this city, but if James Hazen Hyde could be induced to honor us with his presence what an outpouring there would be of the *haute monde*.

❖ ❖

Our Jim.

WE hear a rumor that our own Jim Campbell is to be one of the big four in control of the Rock Island-Frisco railway system. If we know our Jim, and we think we do, there will be no big four for him. In a big four there are three too many. The ever merry Jim is very apt in the near future to turn up as the big one. As this paper has intimated before, our Jim is the only St. Louisan who is away up in the paint cards in the colossal finance deck and is doing more than all the mouthers to get recognition for St. Louis in the big railroad organizations. In Wall Street circles not given to gambling, but to development of national resources, St. Louis means Jim Campbell. A lot of four-flush promoters here may not like this fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. Some of these days this town will discover Jim Campbell and will be amazed to find that it has been blind to a genuine genius of stupendous business. We would say: "watch his smoke"; but he doesn't make any. His methods are those of perfect combustion and minimized friction.

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MR. COLIN M. SELPH will probably be the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Twelfth District of Missouri. He should get it unanimously because every man who has the giving of the nomination is well known to be out strictly for him Self.

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MR. RICHARD HANLON, the milliner, withdraws from the Police Board in a letter expressing disapproval of the bee in the Governor's bonnet, but his letter were stronger did it express equal or approximate disapproval of police graft. Which is only saying that Mr. Richard Hanlon's letter had been stronger if it had been written by Mr. Richard Hanlon.

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St. Louis Graft in Gotham

LAST Sunday's New York *Sun* contained a four-column article illuminating the fakery in the bonds of the North American Investment Company, which was recently merged along with the Colonial Securities Company into the American Reserve Bond Company. The *Sun* shows up the legerdemain by which the concern leads prospective investors to suppose that the bonds are guaranteed by the State of Missouri, when they are not so guaranteed. The man in charge of the bond business in New York is Halford G. Wardin, "whom some men in the Wall street district do not like." The bond investment scheme, in so far as concerns the false representation of the Missouri guarantee, is effectively exposed in the *Sun*. Also the new arrangement of wheels within wheels whereby the merged company covers the operations of other companies is brought to the front. The concern is said to have used the name of a prominent New York banker as indorsing the scheme, when such use was absolutely unwarranted. The *Sun* gives the flimsy game a more thorough airing than it has received in St. Louis, where proceedings are pending

in an application for a receiver. The North American Company is now guaranteeing the bonds of other companies. This, while a receivership is imminent. The North American cannot guarantee itself, let alone the bonds of subsidiary companies. The *MIRROR* is glad to see the game taken up for elucidation by a paper like the *Sun*, for as the proposition is developing in New York, it looks like a new twist whereby wild-cattling easy money schemes may be floated under the supposed security of this State's guarantee of North American funds, while the North American keeps its own skirts clear. The *MIRROR* first blew up the graft, and practically drove it from St. Louis. The *Sun's* clever expose will put the graft on the fritzer in Gotham, and maybe District Attorney Jerome will take up the matter, as no public official, Federal or State, would take it up here.

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"CAWLVE," at \$3 per, is one gold brick right. 'Tis better worth that sum to hear Senator Thomas Elwood Kinney, when in proper voice, render that melancholy ballad, "Twelve Months Ago To-Night."

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ANDREW C. MARONEY has been named to succeed Mr. Richard Hanlon on the Police Board. Folk policemen will no longer be assigned to the most inhospitable beats. Maroney is a fighter. An early result of his appointment may be the retirement of Mr. Stewart.

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COUNCIL Bill No 81 has passed the Municipal Assembly. It gives "Harold Boaz, his heirs, successors and assigns" ferry privileges at the foot of Dock street, for which he or they shall pay \$500 per month to the city. Harold Boaz, so far as we can learn, is a clerk in the Grand Leader store. Ferry franchises are worth something in the present condition of the city's transfer problem.

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A Clash in Callaway

A BITTER feud is on at Fulton, Mo.—home of the man who invented the rickey—between the Judges of the County Court and the Town Council. Some time ago, the city government decided that the ancient hitching rack around the Court House square, a relic of "befoh de wah," should go. This brought the Judges of the Honorable County Court to their feet with a snort of anger. "That old hitchin' rack is all right," said the Honorable Court with much warmth, "and it is goin' to stay right where it is." To which: "But the Council has the authority to order it down," argued Col. Nichols of the *Gazette*. "Didn't the Honorable County Court of Audrain County get into a costly muss with the Council of Mexico over the removal of just such an old hitching rack? And didn't the Court lose out?" "The Honorable County Court of Audrain County is not the Honorable County Court of Callaway County," was the sharp rejoinder. "That rack has been doin' good service for more than forty years. People from Ham's Prairie, Stephens' Store, Carrington and a dozen other towns have hitched their hosses to that rack and talked politics around it too many years for this Court to allow it to be torn down just to please a lot of town dudes who say it ain't purty." And so matters stand at the hour of our going to press. Peace-loving citizens like Gen. M. F. Bell, Judge James Harris, Billy Nichols, Col. Ovid Bell and Col. I. W. Boulware have sought to restore the *status quo ante*, at least until after the holidays. The Council says there can be no peace until the unsightly old rack is removed, and the Honorable County Court has sworn a mighty oath that there will cease to be peace in Fulton if it is removed. The hitching rack is still

doing business at the old stand, but the Council is belligerent. Old-timers say the relations between the County Court and the Council are almost as strained as were those between Gen. Jeff Thompson and Gen. John B. Henderson during the Civil War. Gen. Thompson received word that Callaway County was about to be invaded from the east by a considerable force of Federal soldiers under Gen. Henderson. He hastily gathered up a command of Confederates and sighted the Federal soldiers just as they were about to cross the line that divides Montgomery and Callaway Counties. It looked a good deal as if somebody was going to get hurt. "Don't you dare set foot on the sacred soil of the Kingdom of Callaway County," was the word Gen. Thompson sent to Gen. Henderson. "And don't you dare cross the Callaway line," was the defiant reply of Gen. Henderson. Thus the armies faced each other for some hours. Then followed a parley, which resulted in an agreement that each army was to return, unmolested, the way it came. The compact was strictly observed. Everybody in Callaway County yet expresses the opinion that if other opposing generals in the Civil War had conducted their campaigns along the lines observed by Gen. Thompson and Gen. Henderson, much bloodshed and suffering would have been avoided. But the hitching rack issue is greater and more poignant than State's rights or slavery, and it is feared that an outbreak may occur at any time. The first breeze from the west may bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.

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Mr. Busch's Mosaics

By Frank Farwin

SATURDAY morning's papers announced that Mr. Adolphus Busch had purchased two splendid pictures in mosaic from the German government and that they are now on the way from New York where they have been on view ever since the World's Fair. They are to be presented either to Washington University or to the Public Museum. Accompanying this announcement is a copy of the letter sent to Mr. Busch by Commissioner Lewald in which he assumes that the mosaics are to be presented to the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

This suggestion from the German commissioner, that our Mr. Busch expend his money for the enrichment of New York, fills the St. Louisan with indignation. The feeling has a double origin. First, there is the idea that St. Louis money ought to be used in St. Louis; but the suggestion which gives the real sting to St. Louis is that these mosaics are too valuable, too artistic for any place but New York. If they are to be of real benefit to the lovers of the beautiful, they must not remain in St. Louis. In other words, St. Louis is no place for art treasures.

If this is the feeling of the country at large, St. Louis has only herself to blame. That is the impression she gives to the world. She does not stand up and "holler" about art, proclaiming that the really good things do not appeal to her, but that she has the greatest fondness for the commonplace and the tawdry in both painting and sculpture. She merely sits back and says nothing.

One has to live in St. Louis a long time before he can make up his mind whether her people are asleep like Philadelphia, indolent like New Orleans or merely indifferent like—St. Louis. The final verdict is that St. Louisans are afflicted with an overplus of civic modesty, which is a polite way of saying that their leading characteristic is lack of civic pride, and that the one next in prominence is lack of appreciation.

Why should such men as Adolphus Busch expend

their hard cash for the adornment of St. Louis when they know by long experience that the works of art already in the city are never looked at? Why should the few strain themselves to overcome the general "down at the heel and out at the elbows" appearance of the city, when they know that their efforts will be ascribed to some ulterior selfish motive? Commissioner Lewald knew St. Lou.'s well enough to assume that those splendid mosaics ought to be given to New York. But Mr. Adolphus Busch, let us hope, knew better.

The Message

By W. M. R.

THE President's Message is dull. It has no single element of surprise in it. It is beastly long.

The Congress will probably do all the President asks. Even the Senate is whipped into line for railroad rate regulation.

The skies above the President are too serene. The prospects all about him are too pleasing. The chorus of acclaim is grown monotonous. The President's popularity and potency are at high tide, and there are portents of an ebb.

The big influences and interests are slowly lining up to undermine his power. They feel he is too great an incentive and encouragement to radicalism, that his example may lead to attacks upon fundamental wrongs by which they profit. They would stop him.

On the other hand, the radicals are beginning to ask whether his performance has squared with his promises, whether he hasn't dealt only with superficialities, whether he has not, as we say, four-flushed, whether he hasn't marched up the hill and then down again in all the issues he has made.

There's trouble ahead for the President, and plenty of it.

Fortunately trouble is what he likes best. He's too good a sportsman not to know that things have been coming too easy for him of late. He knows the enemy's deftness at playing 'possum.

A Little Story in the Sonnets

By W. M. R.

WHEN the first edition of the book, "Sonnets to a Wife," by Ernest McGaffey, was issued in 1901, the thirty-fifth sonnet was as follows:

SELFISHNESS.

*I want no child to take one jot from me
Of this your love, no helpless, clinging hands
To hold their place as strong as iron bands.
I'd lock your heart and throw away the key.
As now you are so I would have you be
Till from Life's glass should fall the latest sands;
Till on the hearth the ultimate dull brands
Fade out and leave us to Eternity.*

*I know the children's power; and I know
Your soul would flower and blossom to a child;
And, loving you, I would not have it so,
Lest I of my sole treasure be beguiled;
To learn that bitter lesson late in life.
How far a mother loves beyond a wife.*

In the recently published second edition of the "Sonnets" the above poem does not appear in its old place, but is relegated to the "notes," at the back of the book. There appears in the place it formerly occupied the following:

REINCARNATION.

*The flower you gathered, blossomed long ago
Warmed by past sunshine, jeweled with the rain
Of bygone years; the river's liquid strain
Which now you hear, was once the purling flow
Of a lost stream; the very winds that blow
Have come and gone, will come and go again;
And where the primal grass has decked the plain
Year after year the later grasses grow.*

*And thus with every line that lovers trace;
However dear and passionate the word,
The self-same thought, in a dead bosom stirred,
Has brought the roses to some woman's face;
And all the worship that my rhyming brings
Is but the echo of forgotten things.*

Evidently there was "something doing" in the interval between the two editions, to make the poet retract the "strenuous" utterance of the relegated poem. The incident revealed here is an interesting and, it may be said, a delicate personal confession on the

part of the poet. We all know that poets write themselves into their work, but there are few poets who could be honest enough to put into a second edition of their verse, even so withdrawingly as Mr. McGaffey does, a statement that shows how even with poets "man proposes and God disposes." The explanation of the change in this edition is, simply, a pretty little daughter over whom the poet's raptures are as exalted and exultant as the shelved sonnet was egotistically assertive. Mr. McGaffey is a great friend and admirer of the President. Doubtless the President will be glad to note his influence even in the domain of poetry. Even Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's verses, so highly approved recently by the Chief Executive in an article in the *Outlook* did not contain anything which could possibly have quite the appeal to a great Rooseveltian principle that is to be found in Mr. McGaffey's surrender of his poetic Malthusianism in the graceful fashion indicated in this second edition of "Sonnets to a Wife." (William Marion Reedy, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.50.)

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Kindly Caricatures

[29] Matthew Kiely

EN though upon the parlous edge he stands,
Of imminent precipitation to the immane
abyss,

From the exalted coign of Folkian favor,
The Chief I sing: Kiely, the Kelt rough-hewn,
Opinionate, stubborn, shrewd, but self-deceived
As to his tact, and in a crisis learning late
That blarneying courses lead but to collapse.
Wiler than he might readily have seen
Insurmountable obstacles to long success afield
In full wild running with the hare of graft,
And hunting with the baying beagles of reform.
Matthew, as cop, unto his credit hath i' faith,
Achievement multitudinous and fine,
That crudest cavaliers cannot well decry.
Alas, as politician, he hath tripped and fallen
In pitfalls and sharp gins and cruel snares,
For that as a consenting honest man
He stood for that his devious friends devised
In conflict with his inward monitor.
Powers above him marked out tortuous ways
In which they forced his moving to their ends,
Then in quick flight from ugly consequence
Him naked left to spattering exposure.
Corruption, wrought behind him for a front
By those who profited by his faithfulness,
Hath worked to light and him assoiled
Who guiltless was by rule of discipline
That he should but obey.
Not to his fingers stick the harlot's hoard,
Nor in his pockets the gull's ravished roll,
Nor at his bank doth fatness show the way
That went the tribute of the crooked gamester.
His is the blame for that the prowling thief
Worked at elections with the officer forsworn
For not arresting such an enforced partner,
Yet came his orders from "one higher up,"
A well-groomed, sleek denizen of swell clubs,
A *bon camarade* of la jeunesse d'oree,
An "eminent respectable" of glamorous leadership,
Financed from bagnios, craps, the turf
And the rich treasures of franchise pelf—
Preaching "good government" the while.
Loyalty of Kiely to such leaders lands
The Chief with all their sins upon his head.
He is the sacrifice Smugness offers up
To shrewd Corruption. For when came the reign
Of reformation and the Chief would fain assert
His loyalty to newer leaders over him,
Those who had fattened on his fealty erstwhile
That faithfulness deserted, and despised and scorned
And turned upon him that vile enginery
Which he at their behest constructed,
And let loose upon him the slum crime
Which he had leashed. His force at once became
His enemy, and summoned crooked craft
To work in theft and brutal violence the town
Under the uniform's corrupt connivance,
To impugn th' efficiency of their own head,
And bring to him dismissal and disgrace.
Pompous is Matthew, and not polished well,
Vain hath he been, and too officious oft;
Ready not seldom to serve but too well
The men who made him for their selfish ends;
Uncouth, perhaps, when most intent to shine;
Afflictive with a willingness to much o'erdo
The thing he thought the bosses most desired;
Absurd in venturesomeness cantatory,
With raucous rendering unmelodic lilt
Of antique chapeaux of paternal wear;
But honest in his rugged, blurring style,
Kind to th' unfortunate whom his help could heal,
Able wherein his self had chance to play,
He served the public well and true and fair



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ALBERT BLOOM



MATTHEW KIELY

Kindly Caricatures No. 29.

And of the sins of which he's scapegoat made,
Not one in him had evil origin.
Whate'er the faults, for which he suffers shame,

They are laid on him from the obscene cult
Of politicians dextrous to pervert
Good qualities unto base service of their purse,

Under a system which still heads a force
With one who is no head, but must obey
Scheming superiors without questioning.

A Roost of Swifts

By Ernest McCaffey

AROUND a lake in Central Illinois, which is made up mainly of back water from the Illinois River, come every summer scores of birds whose habits and lives are an interesting study.

None more so than the swifts. Their rapid, scollopy flight, free from any jerky motion, like that of the nighthawks, may be seen cutting through the skies in every direction, and more especially in the evening. Their shrill, twittering call, with its exuberant and chattery sound, can be heard above the trees, as they dart here and there, feeding on the wing among the myriad insects which hover above the marshes.

They will remain in the air for hours at a time, curving in dizzy crescents about the marsh, and following up their invisible prey through the mazes of misty ether surrounding it. Indeed, every function of the swift, excepting the laying of its eggs, the hatching of its young, and sleeping, is performed on the wing. It is a tireless performer on the aerial slack-rope, and steady as its flight is, it seems to be blindly gyrating around overhead without any fixed purpose or destination.

But the swift knows very well what he is about. Millions of insects, many of them invisible to the naked eye, hover where the tall grasses and reeds grow by the water-side, and as the swift passes in its arrowy course it gathers in hosts of this minute life. It plays on the wing, too, and swifter than the motion of the swallow traverses wide spaces of sunny and shadowy light, giving out as it flies its staccato twitter.

But when the night draws on, when the sun burns low in the west, and the spirit of twilight hovers over the marshes the birds begin to take their departure for their roosting-places. The crows fly by, ebon spots against the clouds, and turtle-loves cleave the air in straight flight for their nests, two by two in the shadows. The robins seek their homes, and the swallows dart under the eaves of the barns and settle down for the night.

So, too, the swifts commence to leave the lake and depart for their roosting-spots. Sometimes a crevice in a high bank will serve the purpose; sometimes it sleeps in a hollow tree. But whenever possible, it will take a chimney in preference to any other refuge. It sleeps clinging to the side of the place selected, supported by its wing and tail-feathers, and usually packed in with others of its kind.

If, as occasionally happens, there is a factory chimney anywhere near a resort of these birds, they will come many miles to take advantage of this fact. They have a fancy for a tall chimney, which draws them from all directions to roost in one whenever the opportunity is afforded. And anyone who has never observed these birds closely, would be amazed at the numbers which will gather at a rendezvous of this kind.

A long time ago in this locality there was a grand scheme of manufacturing which finally took concrete form in the shape of an imposing factory building. Its windows looked out on the surrounding valley, and its chimneys towered in the solitude higher than the tallest timber in the river bottom. Factory hands gathered at its doors, belts turned, smoke floated from the chimneys, wagons drove back and forth from the railroad, and the genius of commerce reigned in the wilderness.

But a change came over the factory and the windows, once so bright, became dusty and decorated with cobwebs. The doors warped in the burning sun, the gate creaked on rusty hinges, and the forms of men no longer came and went in the dawning

THE LAW OF LOVE

— BY —

WILLIAM MARION REEDY



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Ladies' Handsomely Embroidered Handker-
chiefs—also initial handkerchiefs—
6 in a neat box—at, per box..... \$1.40

Men's Japanette Handkerchiefs, with beau-
tifully worked initials—
full size 9c
Men's All-Linen Unlaundered Handkerchiefs
—these are excellent values—6
for \$1.00
Men's All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs,
with embroidered medallion—our
price 25c

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and St. Charles Street.

and through the twilight. And at last a great sheet of flame leaped out into the night and the factory crumbled to the ground. Only a lone chimney, the tallest of three, survived the destruction.

It stood like a tower, beleaguered by time, and kept the silent watches of the night, while the stars brooded and the white moon gleamed athwart the heavens. And to it by singles and trios, by pairs and groups, came the wandering swifts through the pathless highways of the air until through all the length and breadth of the land it became a famous gathering-place for these strange fowl.

To look at this great chimney in the daytime it seemed but a mockery of days gone by, a dream of riches that took wings, a tale of ambition which lacked the final chapter, a picture for mirth or pity as the mood ran.

But when the long shadows gathered beyond the eastern hills, and in the west the after-glow painted the dying glories of the day with purple and silver, then a wonderful metamorphosis was wrought, and the spirit of commerce, typified by the columns of smoke which once wreathed the old chimney, came back in the hurrying hordes of the swifts to their chosen abiding-place.

It was the smoke of wings, the ebon shade of thousands of sooty bodies, the scissoring sweep of a wake of dusky pinions. It was the blackness of a vast army of circling birds that swung hither and thither about the top of the chimney, enveloping it in a shadowy mist of roaring wings.

You would have thought that the factory was alive again. For the hum of the wheels of bygone days was replaced by the sound of the wheeling ranks of the swifts. You could have imagined that this storm of inky feathered forms that continually turned and soared and descended was the smoke of the past, tossed by the breezes, and turned up by blind chance.

By millions uncounted they came from the woods and the far valleys, from the marshes and the high-ways, until the space above the tall chimney was pitch dark with their coming. And as they advanced, and circled, and descended the tall chimney received them, and as they disappeared in its depths came others to replace them, and ever went up, like the sound of a falling cataract, the thunder of skurrying wings.

At times there would be some disturbance in the chimney, and then a sheet of dark forms would pour from it and begin again the roving, restless flight. They whirled about this dusky column like a cluster of moths about a candle. Only, as the light attracts the moths, the gloomy depths of the chimney attracted them.

The roar of wings, at length, became fainter and fainter. The chimney, which had seemingly sucked down like an engulfing funnel the multitude of flying birds, came out of the shadow of surrounding forms and assumed form and shape once more. Now the birds sailed around in a scattered phalanx. Now they soared and descended in groups. It was no longer a black volume of bodies sinking plummet-like down the grimy orifice.

And as the clamor of wings passed there were only the vague forms of a few birds darting about, while here or there a solitary swift would dive down to join his comrades. You could count them at last, a score or more, and then as the number dwindled, a dozen, a half-dozen, three, a pair, one, none—then five uneasy spirits bursting from the chimney's extreme top, and wildly gyrating about for a few moments, and as wildly swirling back to their dingy quarters.

Then Hesperus struck a light in the skies, the old chimney loomed still and solemn, and silence and darkness crowned this roost of the swifts.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jane:

DO you remember—can you remember, back as far as your Mary Institute days, and darling, tell me in all seriousness and with all the truth that there is in ye, have you ever felt so grown-up, so really and truly a person of importance as then? And, my ownest own, we were as nothing compared to the present Mary girl. Why, Jane, she can do most anything and be given a respectful hearing. I've seen whole rows of large able-bodied men smoking horrid thick black cigars on the side seats in street car rears, get up, able-bodiedly, and move to the back platform when a bunch of Mary beauties boarded the car and spread all over the Swope shoes of the before-mentioned gentlemen. When Mary girls come, then the half gods go. Wasn't it smart of me to think of that, Jane, and you bet your Chinchilla tippet that I mean it, every word of it. Hooray for Mary! But wait till I tell you what I'm hoorayin' for, this time.

You see, the situation is like this: all that swell neighborhood of brides and grooms and sweet young housekeepers and some few substantial citizens who live out on McPherson and Lake avenues have had a good deal to put up with lately every time there came a nice spring rain, for no crossings have been made, and the mud—Jane, I went clean in over my new tan spats, one day, and a truck driver had to haul me out. Mud? South St. Louis wasn't one-two-seven, and I've sprinted round over a few streets near Lemp's and Busch's myself, at times. Well, anyhow, the dear Mary girls had to go over these crossings 'steen times each week and they got tired. They first told their papas, but papas aren't much good on things like that, you know, especially when they only hear 'em at night on the days that the cook has

a dandy dinner and everything is lovely, and papas never go out that way, if they can help it. So nothing momentous in the crossing line occurred.

Did you know, darling, that you must always say "occurred" when there's an element of the catastrophe in the—er—occurrence, or—the whatever it is—like Mr. Folk coming down to St. Louis all unbeknownst, the other night and some police heads waiting to be chopped off and all of a tremble—that's an occurrence, and so's Mr. Collins, that nice plump little man who is Mrs. Claude Kennerly's father, having to give some unknown female person—a handsome widow, I hear, she is—fifty thousand dollars for not marrying her as she said he promised to—that will be an occurrence when it happens, Jane, and so will Dave Francis' going to Europe—if he has to pay his way—and let's see—so will Lewis Tune's wedding, whenever that awful time may come, he is such a dear and we don't any of us girls ever want to see him married—not even to one of us—and I guess that'll be about all on occurrences to-day. Anyway, you surely understand the difference, don't you, dearest?—I mean, between an occurrence and a mere happenstance—a happenstance is always just a plain, everyday sort of thing, like Mrs. Fred Gardner's buying some more coral beads, and Mrs. Pete Wilson's getting robbed again, and Albert Bond Lambert having some more rules drawn up for the Auto Society for the Prevention of Speed, and Miss Anheuser ordering four thousand photographs of herself, and the Hot Time minstrels singing once for real charity.

Where was I? Oh yes, and so the Mary girls gave up the papa question and devoted their attention to writing letters. Six sophs did it—the letters, I mean, and Jumping Jackstones! Jane, but think of a Mary Institute letter telling in heart-felt langwidge all about that mud and those horrible crossings and how in one place they had to jump ten feet to reach the other side, though I can't see how they expected such a plea to have a softening, I mean a macadamizing, effect—for what in the world do and did we go to the Mary for, if not to learn how to jump?

Why, one of the Nipher girls—I can't think which one, but my tale will fittingly adorn the history of any of 'em—one of 'em, I say, jumped two years and landed in the senior class, and our bunch were always jumping some recitations or other, and what on earth did they start the basket ball team for, if not to jump? Ten feet is not so much—but anyhow, this is where the fun comes in. These strapping sophomores wrote such plaintiveness about their old ten-foot jumps that Ralph Coale, yes, Lily's brother, that tall slim young man who always wears such neat kid gloves and who shaves every day, I'm certain, he got the letter and it made his heart jump, it sure did, to think of those sweet young girls jumping ten feet to "Death or Total Disability," at least, that's what he said when he wrote another letter to the Street Commissioner. Wasn't that lovely of him, "death or D. T."—Horror! I mean "T. D."—and Ralph, knowing all the time about what the Mary girls can do in the jumping line. Wasn't it noble of him to er—prevaricate in such a splendid cause? I tell you, the sophs just jump to meet and speak to him now—some of 'em are Caroline Eliot Lackland Ives, and Isabel Anstes Turner and Caroline Castleman Bell and Elizabeth Pemberton Phillips, and Mary Baldwin Crunden and Edwina Thornburgh and Anne Hildegard Wulfin, and I just guess when those names are signed to any old kind of a petition there are bound to be things doing instanter. But Ralph was lovely: yes indeed. He begged the city fathers and the entire street department to save these young women—from the afore-said death and the rest, and "then, gentlemen, if not for their own sweet sakes, for the sake of society." Wasn't that noble and grand? Ralph is a true pa-

triot and the Mary girls and Vandeventer place and the Imperial Club and Frank Hirschberg and Mrs. Charles Tracy and Mrs. Don Morrison should remember him as long as they live—whenever they think on his splendid peroration and the noble deed which he done when he seen his duty. I rather expect that the Mary sophs will remember Ralph with some kind of a token of esteem as 'tis nearing the Yuletide season. I hope they'll ask me to help 'em pick it out. I know just what Ralph wants more'n anything else. Tell? Shant. Why? Oh, 'cause.

The Apollo concert—first of the winter—was pulled off last week. Jane, the A boys might just as well—indeed a whole lot better—print on the bottom of their programmes, "Ladies will please wear their hats, if plumed and if it pleases them to do so," for that's what comes to pass lately. The women just won't take off their hats. Minnie Busch swept into the arena with a Parisian wonder that was as big as a cart wheel and with pink feathers on it that cast a tender sunset glow over the whole side of the house. You never saw such a whopper, Jane, and it was mighty becoming, too, let me whisper before Minnie hears it, because I want to discourage the hat proposition at concerts. And little Mrs. Bob Kaime got lost under some blue feathers, and Mrs. "By" Nugent just won't ever take off her hat—none of the Nugents will—and there were whole boxes of unknown persons—poor

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Olive Street Store.

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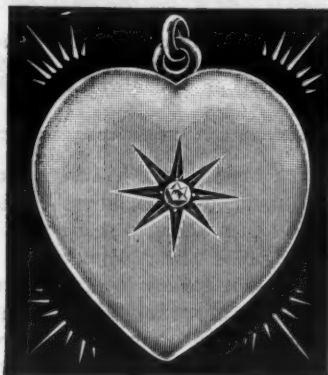
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Imported Hat Pins—Hundreds of them, all styles; many of them have sold at \$2.50; your choice65c

Miniature Brooches—Painted on ivory, sterling silver, gunmetal and gold filled mountings, plain and stone set; values \$3.50 to \$5.50; choice\$1.95

Cigarette Cases—Hammered gold, miniature set, holding two rows of cigarettes, formerly sold as high as \$10.00; choice\$5.00

Match Boxes of same material and miniature set; regular \$4.50 values\$2.00

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Notice to Charge Customers

We are desirous of still further increasing our charge business, and ask persons of responsibility to avail themselves of the "May" Charge system. Payment for goods charged in December is not required at The May Co. until February 1, 1906, if so desired, by any of our old or new customers.

relations and family retainers who had the box sent round late that afternoon, after the rightful owners fell sick or died or something—and they all wore hats—just to show us they've got 'em, I guess. But seriously, Jane dear, the beauty of the Apollo concerts is going to be tetotally lost and gone before, if this hat business is to continue. And right sorry am I. And say, you should see how mad it makes the boys. Some of 'em whom we met at Lippe's after the concert eating in one of those quiet nooks in the Dutch room, were so mad they actually forgot their—er—food.

✱

You should have seen that blonde Niedringhaus young matron—at least she was a Niedringhaus, Blanche's older sister, I think she is a Mrs. Sharp, but I don't know. She wore some kind of a white lace dress with dark green velvet coming up on the waist in points, and it looked just like the calyx to a daisy—very odd but rather interesting effect. And Sophie Sloan had on some funny kind of a pink ribbon dingus in her hair that looked as if it had been made for the Duchess of Don't-you-care, and Sophie's hair is so pretty and smooth and brown, too, and everybody did wish that Arthur Lieber, the new conductor, would keep his feet together. Clemence, his new wife, you know—and the only one he ever has had—must drill him a bit at home before the next concert and make him learn a few points about "back-to-your-audience" svelt motions, and, say, Jane, Alice Nielson can't sing in concert for thirty-five cents of my money. She wore a white satin dress made like a pikestaff, it was so plain, and her hair was brushed down on each side—plastered—and made her round baby face positively grotesque, and I kept thinking all the time—put your ear down for I don't want anybody else to hear this—I kept thinking how much more becoming those brown velvet knickerbockers were—the ones she wore in the "Serenade" when she made a hit that she'll never duplicate, or I miss my guess. Alice's voice is lovely and clear and splendid for light opera, but not for big operatic tunes—she can't reach 'em—and she breathes like a sighing furnace—you could hear her out in the foyer.

✱

You've heard of the excommunication of Miss Hamilton, of Omaha, for serving as bridesmaid at a wedding at which the man was a person who had been divorced. A Mrs. Nash, too, one of Omaha's

swells of the smelter set has been excommunicated for merely attending the wedding. The papers make much of it. Gee whizz, Jane, if that rule were applied in St. Louis there wouldn't be any Catholic women left. Our society is all mixed up as to Catholics and Protestants; families of both faiths are so intermarried that one half a family will be found Catholic and another Protestant. Archbishop Kain, you know, did just what Bishop Scannell of Omaha did and society just froze him for it. Little Marie Bauduy stood up with her sister when the latter married a divorced man and was compelled to stand up before the ladies' sodality at the Visitation convent and publicly retract and recant and do a heavy penance besides. And then—prettv little Marie went off to New York and married the recently divorced John Cecil Clay, the artist, and is living happy and her face is appearing in her husband's drawings and pastels in all the first-class magazines and her face and figure in artistic presentations are his fortune. And Charlie McKeen who has never gotten over his case with Marie collects the magazines and weeklies which John Cecil Clay draws for just to cull out and frame the pictures of Marie. I respect the church much, my Jane, but it doesn't cut much ice when the girls fall in love. They'll have their man, church or no church. And then excommunication is silly when applied against a girl or woman for simply assisting socially at a wedding of a divorced person. We can't break off our social relations with people simply because they do things that don't gee with our religious views, when those things are perfectly lawful and decent. If our handsome and tactful Archbishop Glennon should do what Bishop Scannell, of Omaha, did there'd be a most beauchous bunch of Catholics expelled in this yer town. I notice that excommunications don't bring bad luck, or spoil any one's fun. There are oodles of Catholic girls here who have been spliced with Protestant fellows and they don't show any signs of discomfort—at least, not so as you can notice it.

✱

Judge Daniel G. Taylor, of the Circuit Court, has a dry humor which he exhibits when the provocation is great. He was interested in forming a good government club among the young men whom he meets golfing at the Country Club, and he called a meeting of them all to start the organization, (No, it's not for Bert Walker for Mayor.) The meeting

was largely attended and the judge, in casting about for officers, selected a rising young lawyer, (no; it was not Mott Porter), for secretary, and said, "You are the man that is fitted for the secretaryship. You are an able expounder of the law and you know its procedure. I am confident that the convention could not do better than appoint you." Mr. Lawyer blushed all over and rose to reply. He said, "I am proud of what the judge says, but it is impossible for me to accept. The fact is that I am too busy. I have an enormous practice. I have to go to Chicago several times a month, and, Judge, I am so hard pressed for time that when I go to bed I take my pad and pencil with me."

"Ah," replied Judge Taylor, "I well understand how busy the gentlemen of the law are. Why, I am told that my brethren of the law in this city are frequently so busy that some of them in their hours of repose have a typewriter by their side." The speech broke up the meeting. The club was never organized.

✱

I must tell you, Jane, the latest about D. R. F. He's such a much here. A lady got it off at one of the tables in one of the big buildings on Hospital Saturday. D. R. F. paid the building a visit, all covered with badges, showing he had coughed up a thousand times or more, and the badges looked like a display of all his decorations. "Huh," said the woman, "Isn't Dave just crazy about his prominence, about being the whole show and living in the lime-lights? Why, when D. R. F. goes a-christening, he would like to be the baby; when he goes to a wedding, he wishes to be the bride; and when he goes to a funeral, he desires to be the corpse."

✱

Mrs. Zach Tinker broke out into sassiety again on Thanksgiving Day. By Jove, Jenny Wren, that little woman is prettier than ever. I saw her at the theater a few nights ago with the devoted Zach and the careful Carrie, her step-daughter, and she just put 'em all in the deep shadows. This reception was given for some debutante cousin they discovered somewhere, and I hear it was very nicely arranged.

✱

"Oh, say, Jane, do you remember what I told you not long ago about the married railroad man with the domestic wife, and how he took a petite blonde young lady to the cafes and bought her gloves and things?"

Well, one night when Ethel Barrymore's hands and feet were doing stunts on the Olympic stage, I saw him on one side of the house with his wife, and then, lo, and behold, on the opposite side was the little blonde with some mild and inoffensive youth, like a younger brother or something. It gave me quite a start, to think of them all right under the same roof, Jane. Just suppose the theater had caught fire or been panicky, which one would he have jumped to rescue? Doesn't it sort of thrill you with a real F. Marion Crawford thrill? And, Jane, do you know I watched him, and he spent most of the evening looking at the girl through his glass and he hardly ever glanced at the stage. I begin to smell a domestic scenario, don't you? The above-mentioned gent is getting to wear a furtive look in his eyes, too.

Our Adonis in miniature, Eddie Lemp, has gone to New York. There is great depression in the young bud ranks, and actually Julia Wilson packed her trunk and started for Kentucky the day he left, so one of her rivals for Eddie's violets told me. But list! Mrs. Fred Nolker is also in New York. Can it be that Eddie is interested in that quarter? Scarcely. And yet—Stranger things have happened. I wonder. There's something terribly significant in they're both being in New York at the same time, isn't there?

The Filley ball did bring out a string of fillies (Jane, I couldn't help that deed and double, I couldn't), but that was about all. Rather slow, so I thought. May is hardly ripe enough to make a big dance go off with snap, you know—I doubt if any of this year's buds could, but so long as the ball was exclusive—one thing certain, Jane, the dancing men of town aren't hustling much on behalf of the buds. I tell you, a girl has got to be out three seasons and know how to play her cards right smack up to the little dot, or she's not only left without partners at the dances, but absolutely neglected entirely. With Charlie Wiggins engaged and George Doan tucked away on the shelf, and Captain Corkery getting so immersed in business, or maybe it's a widow, that he never goes anywhere, and Billy Thornton crawled into his bi-annual shell, and even Charlie Senter down and out, for some unknown reason, what are the debutantes going to do? 'Tis hard, my angel, but they may console themselves with the thought that they won't be buds forever.

Must away to the mat. So here's my love to you.
BLUE JAY.

Russia and the Jews

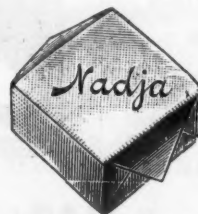
By St. Loe Strachey

THE line between civilization and savagery is still narrow. We are so surrounded by an atmosphere of philanthropy and enlightenment that we scarcely realize how easily naked human passion can change it all into an Inferno. In Russia, as well as elsewhere, there are numbers of people who hate cruelty and revere law and order, and hold the most modern views on conduct. And yet the world has seen in the past weeks the thin surface of civilization cracked and the vapors of the pit emerging, till it is hard not to imagine that we are back again in the days of some twelfth-century massacre of unbelievers, when, in the name of Christ, His kinsfolk were pillaged and tortured. The facts are the same, the cruelties are not a whit less great; indeed, the horror is a thousandfold greater, when these things happen in the midst of a society which has the same manners and codes as ourselves, reads the same books, and does homage to the same ideals of culture. The only difference is that there is now no official glorification of the atrocities. In-

stead of a sleek Bishop rejoicing in the crusade and sending to Rome glowing accounts of how the work of Christ prospered, we have a Governor or Commissioner of Police prating about order and moderation and at the same time giving his men the hint to begin. Mr. Israel Gollancz, in a striking letter in the *London Times*, compares the massacre of the Russian Jews to that of the Waldenses, and regretted the absence of a Cromwell with his summary demands. But there is this difference between the two cases, that in the first it was possible to fix responsibility clearly, and in the second it is not. A modern Cromwell would be met by grave regrets and a denial of all complicity. The bureaucracy fix the blame on the Socialists, the Socialists on the beaureaucracy, the Generals on a too zealous soldiery, the soldiery upon insufficiently explicit orders. Whatever the proximate cause, the true cause lies in the nature of the whole social organism in Russia, and her blunders of the last three hundred years. Anti-Semitism is an ugly force in the background of all European politics. We have seen it in England, when so-called Nationalists sometimes raise the cry in their campaigns against Imperialism, "The Jews of Lombard street" were the objects of fatidical fanaticism in the first great Free Silver campaign, and, indeed, there is plenty of Jew hatred all over this country. We saw it some years ago in an extreme form in France; it crops up every now and again in Germany and Austria. But in Russia it is not a party cry, it is almost a part of the racial character, a fact as indubitable as the thrift of the French peasant or the stolidity of the German. It is worth while looking at the source of this strange mephitic vapor which every now and again kindles into a devastating fire.

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Many reasons are obvious. If you herd a race within the limits of a Pale, and debar its youth for ages from the liberal professions, you compel it to turn its attention exclusively to trade. Concentration of interest breeds aptitude, and soon the Jew is a better merchant than his neighbor. All this matters little so long as commerce is less important to the nation than war and statecraft. But in modern times trade has risen in the scale, fortunes have been amassed, and men whose grandfathers would have despised it now turn their attention to money-making. They find in their way a race with an hereditary aptitude and infinite patience, with whom they cannot cope; a race, moreover, whom they have been brought up to despise. This explains the feeling of the middle-class man. But look next at the point of view of the proletariat. There are far fewer fortunes among Jews in proportion to their numbers than among Christians, but in Russia a rich Christian passes unnoticed, while a rich Jew, from the fact of his birth and peculiar status, is set upon a pedestal for all to mark. The workman sees one whom he has been taught to regard as an outcast living in comfort, and goes home and broods over it. Moreover, he finds Jewish rivals in his own trade, men who live on next to nothing and take any wages. The mere number of Jews in Russia has much to do with the hatred which they excite. In Odessa, for

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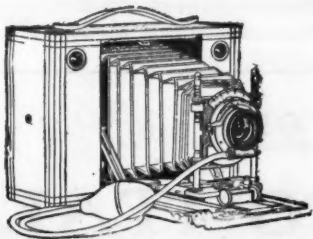
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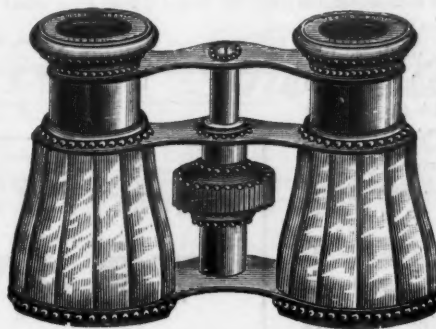
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example, one-third of the population is Jewish, and in Poland they number more than a million and a half. Wherever he turns the average poor man finds them around him, equally offensive to him in their riches and in their poverty. Take, again, the universities. Before a Jew can enter one of these he must pass tests far stricter than those for a Christian. The result is that Jewish students are a picked class, and take naturally the highest academic honors, and the best places in the learned professions. The learned Jew, like the rich Jew, is set on a pedestal, with no shield against popular envy and dislike. It is to be said to the honor of Russian students that they are one of the few classes of the population who do not persecute the Jews; but a certain amount of animosity is inevitable. Last of all, take the peasant. He hates, to begin with, any adherent of the Jewish faith on religious grounds. The Jew trader from the city comes to his village and makes him an offer for his crops as they stand in the fields. With the fear of drought and storms before him, he closes, and thinks he has made a good bargain, the Jew taking the risks of all disasters. But a good harvest comes, and the trader makes a modest profit out of the transaction. He deserves it, for he took the risks; but this does not prevent the peasant from believing he has been cheated. Such a feeling is bound to arise when more advanced traders attempt to introduce business methods among a profoundly ignorant people, and accounts for much of the general antipathy to the Jews. Finally there is the fact that they are a close

corporation, tenacious of old customs, and admitting no stranger within their bounds. The ordinary man is suspicious of all sects and clans, political, religious, or social, and he hates what he does not understand, without reflecting that it was the persecution of his forefathers which created this cohesion. The result of it all is that the whole of Russia, except a small section of the "intelligents," looks upon the Jew with a dislike which can readily be transformed into hate.

Unpopularity, however, is one thing, but these merciless atrocities are surely another. What spark has fired the powder-magazine, and changed repugnance towards a neighbor into a desire to kill him with every circumstance of horror? We fear that the blame for the ghastly occurrence lies largely on the shoulders of the beaureaucracy. We acquit them, indeed, of any of the crude *Judenhetze* which fills the lower classes. Though stupid men as a rule, they see well enough the useful part which the Jew plays in the social economy. Theirs is the far more terrible guilt that without fanaticism and in cold blood they use the lives of miserable men and women to cover their own retreat. We do not say that the intention is universal, for there are many of the higher officials who would scorn the thought; but we fear that it does exist in certain quarters and has been put into force. No doubt they have a kind of justification ready. They may say—what is a fact—that the revolutionary societies are filled with Jews, and that the Jewish Bund is the most ably organized of all the sections of the Social Democrats. But they have not waged war upon Anarchists as Anar-

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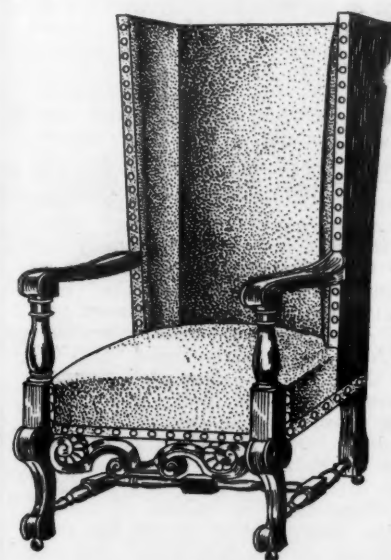
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chists; they have tried to turn the tide of popular hatred from themselves to a traditionally unpopular class, and focus the ill will of centuries. It was not hard to do, for once the spark touched the vapor the flames blazed far beyond human power. Then came the time for well-expressed regrets and so-called attempts at repression. Cossack and peasant, workman and ne'er-do-well, revolutionary and reactionary, found for a moment a task of murder and plunder on which they were agreed. And yet in the long run it is bad policy. Discontent may be averted for a second, but it will come back again to its true object; and meanwhile the moral sense of Europe has been shocked as deeply as by the Commune or the Terror.

It may be asked why antipathy has so readily resulted in massacre. The answer, we think, lies in the kind of political education Russia has received. In a country governed by an arbitrary will two consequences appear. One is a carelessness of human life, which its rulers hold so cheap. Another is a kind of hopelessness in the down-trodden classes. They see injustice on all sides, and they feel miserably that they have no pacific remedy. It is like Lynch-law in the Southern States, which people resort to not because they are naturally brutal or lawless, but because they despair of speedy justice by any other means. As the Russian peasant has come to believe that he is being ousted or robbed by the few, he sees no remedy except to kill him; and as he is persuaded that his rulers are evil, he is showing himself equally intolerant of a bloodless reform, such as is promised by Count Witte.

Church and State

Marriage and Divorce

BISHOP DOANE, in his address to the diocesan convention of the Episcopal Church at Albany, week before last, urged that that church should adopt and pursue invariably the prin-

ciple that no marriage shall be solemnized by the Church between persons either of whom has been divorced from one who is living at the time. That is, he would make marriage in the eyes of the Church indissoluble except by death.

This, as is well known, is the position taken by the Roman Catholic Church, and unquestionably it is a position which a Church can rightfully take without offence to our civil laws of marriage and divorce. A corollary of that position, however, is the strict separation of the civil and the legal marriage of record from the marriage solemnized by the Church.

In other words (says the *New York Sun*), the clergy should be relieved of the function of performing marriages as civil magistrates and left free to follow their religious conscience as respects the solemnization of matrimony under the canons of their Church, however those might conflict with the civil law.

Bishop Doane would "rid the Church of all responsibility" in the matter of divorce and throw the whole burden on the State. That end would be secured if civil and legal marriage was made wholly distinct from the religious service. If under the civil law people are entitled to marriage, they have a right to have it performed by purely civil magistrates; but if under the Church law the parties are not eligible to religious matrimony, the Church should be free to refuse to recognize and solemnize the union.

This would be a measure of relief for the clergy, and it would be consistent with the principle of the separation of State and Church in this republic. People eligible for marriage under the law of the State cannot rightfully be refused marriage by a magistrate of the State, nor is it in the interest of good morals that they should thus be debarred from it; but the Church also has the right to refuse its sanction to a marriage forbidden by its own law and its own conscience.

That is, the legal contract of marriage and the solemnization of matrimony as a purely religious service ought to be kept wholly distinct.

De Flagello Myrteo

118.

TRUTH of Soul, Truth of Fact, and Truth of Intellect are not the same Divinity, neither wear they the same raiment. Truth of Soul is vested in a gentle raider, like the lamp of Psyche. Truth of Fact adapts her attire to her company. But Intellectual Truth appears as a nude woman, to intimate that Woman is rarely enamored of her.

119.

Ignorance and Innocence are twins in the same cradle. Ignorance is never reared, and her death is either the death of Innocence also, or her immortality.

120.

As Love Divine Eros knows all things: as Human Love there are things which he would know if he might, and things which he might know if he would.

121.

Beware of Love, unless thou knowest him for thy wisest counsellor as well as thy most persuasive.

122.

If Love harangue, distrust him: if he discourse, see whether his deeds are agreeable to his words: but if he stammer, thou mayest take him to thy bosom.

123.

Be very certain with thyself whether it is love or worship that thou cravest; and whether thou would'st rather have thy Love in thy heart or at thy feet.

124.

The surrender of woman is the touchstone of Man, parting the noble from the ignoble as with the spear of Uriel.

125.

The earthly consummation of Love is either the passing bell that precedes and announces his funeral, or the trumpet that calls him to immortality.

Music

Before and After; or, The Case of Alice Nielsen.

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Having completed the course of European voice training, taken to cure her of the comic opera habit, Alice Nielsen has come back to "show" us that she is now a real prima donna. Evidently the evolution from soubrette to grand opera soprano was accomplished by the most heroic treatment. Her voice bears unmistakable traces of having been "placed," "broadened" and "deepened" by a "vocal culture" specialist. Except in the middle tones, which were apparently overlooked by the voice "placer," every vestige of the natural beauty of little Alice's voice has disappeared. The free, forward production that gave her tone limpidity, and her singing a delightful effect of unconscious ease and spontaneity, has been discarded—Alice disdains the flute-like quality of the "Serenade" days, and goes in for power and a "big" tone. Just in what part of her anatomy her voice has been "placed" is difficult to determine, but the effect in the high tones is hooty, ventriloqual—almost gastric. In the good old comic opera time little Alice had a lovely, liquid "high C." Now this tone is a dessicated, unmusical sound; and the pretty, even, scale of six years ago, the staccato, the trill—all have been "placed" away in London or in Milan.

The little lady sang from "Traviata" and "Rigoletto," in Italian, of course, and her interpretation of the big arias manifested careful "coaching," but you cannot make a Sembrich out of a soubrette—at least, Alice Nielsen's teachers failed dismally in the attempt.

The Apollo audience demanded encores—not because it felt enthusiastic, but just to find out what Miss Nielsen would sing—and in the ballads with which she responded the whilom soubrette was more at home, and made a pleasant impression.

The other soloist at this concert was Hans Kronold, 'cellist. He is a safe, respectable player, one who would make himself valuable in any orchestra, but as a soloist he lacks distinction. Mr. Kronold played deliberately, conscientiously and carefully; he evidently did not purpose taking chances for the sake of spectacular effect—that much was clearly indicated by his tempi.

The Apollo Club never sang better; in fact, its work was far superior to that of either of its soloists. Arthur Lieber proved to be a clean, musicianly director; he avoided all "gallery play," and his "effects" were legitimate, and unexaggerated. The "boys" sang with spirit, accuracy of attack, purity of intonation, and, to the everlasting glory of the club, be it said, with an agreeable quality of tone. Even the first tenors refrained from yelling incontinently, despite the temptation for strenuousness, presented by the number by Schwartz, entitled "Spring," which soars to incredible heights. This composition makes terrific demands as far as compass is concerned, and is at the same time extremely intricate as to construction, but neither "low E," "high B" nor counterpoint seemed to worry the singers, and the performance was a triumph for the club and its conductor.

Calve.

Calve had a cold on Monday night and saved her voice so much that many of her auditors regretted not having saved their dollars. Instead of the opening number programmed, she sang D'Hardelot's "Invocation," and woefully added Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber." On the second part of the programme the great prima donna sang the aria from "The Pearl of Brazil,"

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transposed, carefully "pointed," and with invaluable assistance from the flutist. An encore, also with flute aid, and the "Habenera" from "Carmen" completed Mme. Calve's labors. Some of her tones are clear, and beautiful as ever, and she makes some fine pianissimo effects; but if Calve were not Calve, and had to be judged by her performance of Monday, she would be rated as a good second-class singer.

The support was harmless.

"The Natural Singing Voice," by Mme. Pernet McCarty, on sale at Roeder's, 616 Locust.

In the Cause of Art

Those who take an interest in St. Louis' progress in art should not fail to lend a hand (also some change), to the success of the St. Louis Art Students' Association's entertainment, which is to be given this afternoon and tonight (Thursday), at Memorial Hall, Nineteenth and Locust streets. The entertainment is to be in the worthy cause of art. The proceeds will be devoted to a scholarship fund, the purpose of which is to aid worthy students in securing advanced instruction in European art centers. This was established as far

back as the eighties and has been kept up by a series of entertainments given by the association from time to time. In the past not a few St. Louisans who have since acquired distinction as artists, have been aided in their studies in the European schools by this fund, but now it is quite depleted, but \$200 remaining, and it is especially desirable that one of the most promising of the city's advanced art students of to-day, be sent to Paris in the near future to secure the benefits of instruction impossible to be had without adequate means. The entertainment intended to re-establish the fund will consist of a series of twenty tableaux, living pictures, from the works of all the great masters. A matinee performance will be given Thursday commencing at 2 p. m., to which the admission fee will be 50 cents. At the night performance \$1 will be the price.

The New Blue Book Out

Gould's 1906 Blue Book for St. Louis is just out and it is practically indispensable to every fashionable home. It contains a world of information particularly valuable to all in the society and to business men and women as well. It contains the names of all the prominent St. Louis families, citizens who

have no families and in addition to the suburbs of St. Louis on this side of the Mississippi, it has taken in the foremost people residing in the small cities beyond the Mississippi in Illinois—Alton, East St. Louis, Belleville, Carlinville, etc. Besides it presents the rosters of all the prominent women's and men's clubs of the city and gives a lot of information about rules of etiquette, public and office buildings, places of worship and of amusement, parks, street car travel. Evidence of the growth of the city in population is evidenced by the new Blue Book, which contains quite as many names as last year when the number was materially increased by the world's Fair attaches, their families, relatives and acquaintances. The book is as usual, handsomely bound and printed. Its price is \$5 per copy.

"Gracious, Elsie!" exclaimed the girl's mother, "why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet, like Willie?"

"He's got to be quiet, the way we're playin', replied Elsie. "He's papa coming home late and I'm you."—Philadelphia Press.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Letters From the People

THE BENGUIAT COLLECTION.

St. Louis, December 3rd, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I see that Mr. Busch has brought us some Mosaics from Europe. That's good. It marks him as what the MIRROR made him out to be in its comment upon your Mr. Bloch's "Kindly Caricature," week before last. Let's have some more art. We're to have a museum. We want something to put in it. Therefore pardon me for calling the city's attention to an opportunity in this line.

The Hadji Benguiat brought to St. Louis, during the World's Fair, the most wonderful collection of antique art treasures that was ever shown in any city.

The old man has spent his life and his substance in gathering these Oriental marvels together. It is the desire of his declining years to see the collection properly housed, kept intact and the possession of some city or government museum, so that his labor of love may prove of benefit to humanity at large. At the close of the Fair he sought to have St. Louis or some wealthy St. Louisan buy the collection, at a fraction of its actual cost to him. There was no purchaser, for the price ran into the hundreds of thousands.

Then he was told,—"Just take your collection to New York. You can sell it, inside of a month, for a million at least." He took the Damascus Palace along with all his other marvels of ancient art and handicraft to New York and—he did not sell it! A few weeks ago, after almost a year, his son was again in St. Louis striving to find some wealthy Westerner who would put up the price so that New York might possess these treasures.

New York does not go down in her jeans (his jeans would sound better), to the tune of thousands and millions of dollars for the adornment of the city. She has the faculty of making the rest of the country think she is doing it a favor by accepting its gifts.

St. Louis might have the same reputation and have similar bequests showered upon her, if she would bestir herself and acquire a reputation for really knowing and appreciating the artistic things of life. As it is, she will probably go on in her old, self-deprecating way, indifferent to all but the most prosaic needs of life, while the money earned in her smoky factories is expended to beautify New York or any other old place, so long as it is not St. Louis.

Won't some of our millionaires get together and buy the Benguiat collection? It would make an excellent "starter" for our great museum.

E. G. H.

COLD STORAGE POISON.

St. Louis, December 1st, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Your correspondent, Mr. Richard C. Dyas, wrote you last week about the Beef Trust, saying that cold storage meats were dangerous. You appended to his letter a note saying that beef and mutton were not spoiled by refrigeration. You were right. In the *Literary Digest* of November 25th, I find a condensation of an article by Dr. John C. Hemmeter, in the *Maryland Medical Journal*, abstracted in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, of New York. He says that in this country "we have a chain of larger and smaller cities, with insufficient agricultural land intervening to supply the animal and vegetable food for the multitude of human beings within the great cities. Cold storage has therefore become a necessity in order to preserve the large number of killed poultry that comes chiefly from our great West. There can be therefore no question of abolition of cold storage for animal food. In fact, some goods, like

beef, mutton, etc., are improved and rendered more digestible by cold storage. This is due to the fact that the carcasses of slaughtered beeves are not preserved in their entirety, and not until the viscera and entrails have been removed. Poultry, game and fish, although preserved on ice, will undergo a slow putrefactive change; the muscular part of the animal gradually becomes soaked with toxic substances. If the animal is taken out of cold storage, very few moments suffice for a rapid absorption of toxins by the muscular part of the poultry or fish, as the case may be. A law should be enforced in the large cities prohibiting the cold storage of poultry, game, and fish still containing the viscera and intestines.

"Dr. Hemmeter believes the percentage of human beings that have become infected with tuberculosis by way of the intestinal canal is underestimated rather than overestimated. For the infection to take place by means of food no lesion of the intestinal wall is necessary, no epithelial desquamation, no local changes of any character, no previous inflammatory process. Inasmuch as tubercle bacilli can enter the intestinal wall without leaving any trace of their passage, it is impossible to say

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how many infections of the human organism with tuberculosis may have taken place through the gastro-intestinal canal, for the bacilli once having entered the lymph stream may become arrested in other places, especially in the lungs, and give rise to the formation of tubercles. The question should command the attention of the very best of our hygienists. Chemists and physiologists of acknowledged ability should be given charge in a systematic investigation of this problem."

This is a matter of importance. Boards of Health might take it up with profit to the people. But how can they, when cold storage plants are run by organizations with political, social, high-financial and church pulls, when they have "cinch" arrangements with Terminal companies and all that sort of thing? There's at least one such cinch in St. Louis, and it should be investigated. Then, too, we have our Grub Trust, or the Catering Company, headed by the city's political *Poo Bah*, which serves cold storage game exclusively. Touch 'em up!

EM DEE.

St. Louis, Nov. 25th, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Will you tell me what is the meaning of the refrain of a song or poem recently printed in the MIRROR, *Jamais, tout la vie!*

J. C. N.

(Not on your life—ED. MIRROR.)

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH.

St. Louis, Dec. 1, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I see you mention Stephen M. Ryan for Mayor. He is a good man. But why not get up a whole Ryan ticket for your Anarchist, Single Tax, Public Ownership bug party? Make Frank K. Ryan, the lawyer, one of our judges. Take Dennis Ryan from the Custom House and make him Comptroller. Bring Baldy Ryan, the get-rich-quickster back from Skinsinnati and make him City Treasurer. Get Ryan Walker, the Nihilist artist, to come back with his cat that we used to see in his cartoons in the *Republic* and make him—well, let us say, President of the Board of Public Improvements. What's the matter with (b) Ryan Snyder, late of the Frisco for a leading permanent member of the Terminal Commission. Get up German marching clubs to sing "Die Wacht am Ryan." Let us have a new booze-blend of Rye an' Bourbon. *Stimme fur Ryan! Vas is los mit Ryan?*

REFORMER.

(The Ryans were ever at the forefront of reform. Whether Steve or Dennis or Frank K. or any other—the Ryans are the lords among men. We will not be scoffed out of our reverence for the great name.—ED. MIRROR.)

A young lawyer received a call from a farmer in need of legal advice. The lawyer looked up the statutes, and told the farmer what he should do. "How much?" said the farmer. "Well, let's call it three dollars," said the lawyer. The farmer handed over a five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. After searching his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest. "I guess, neighbor," he remarked, as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you two dollars' worth more of advice."

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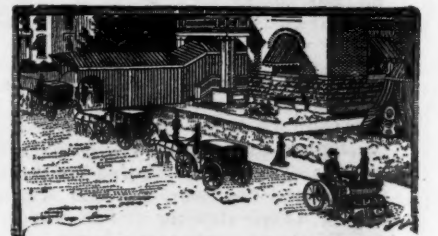
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Theatrical

The American Lord.

Imagine a wealthy, blue-blooded American, one who is Yankee to the core and deeply prejudiced against everything savoring of royalty or titles, awaking one day on his Dakota ranch to discover his daughter engaged to an English Lord (who as Mr. Crane says, showed his unworthiness by masquerading as a man), and to learn at the same time that he is the heir to a similar title and endless acres in Sussex, England, and you have the kernel of "The American Lord," the new play in which Mr. William Crane and Miss Hilda Spong are appearing at the Olympic. Such an idea might be elaborated along tragic as well as farcical lines with equal success. The playwrights have inclined toward the latter and in doing so have made a thoroughly enjoyable play, fitting Mr. Crane and his coadjutor in comedy, Miss Spong, to a nicety.

The piece is as full of bright dialogue and bristling epigram as a porcupine of quills and the acting is always of the high degree. Mr. Crane seems more at ease in this thorough-going, self-confident, self-satisfied American character, *John Breuster*, than any he has ever handled. He falls into it gracefully and naturally and fills it all around. The Craneisms were never more effectually employed. Every facial grimace, every move of the hands or roll of the eyes is eloquent of meaning and no actor has ever been able to extract so much expression from the hands-in-trousers-pocket-pose as affected by the inimitable, sincere and natural Mr. Crane.

Miss Spong as the charming, cheerful widow of whom *Mr. Breuster* is enamored, is equally as clever as Mr. Crane. Miss Spong says more with her flashing, pearly, even row of teeth than most actresses could in a dozen lines and the Spong eyes, they are eloquent in a new way. Hers is a sincere impersonation of *Mrs. Westbrooke*, who sees so much in the open-hearted and open-minded American to admire.

The principals are admirably supported throughout and all the love making episodes with the obstacles of land feud, race and rank prejudice to be laughably overcome are done with an artistic touch. Edgar Norton as the young curate, who is awkwardly in love and whose favorite expression is that "everything is progressing splendidly" is made doubly amusing in the role of imaginary rival of *Mr. Breuster, pere*. And John Nesbitt's *Andree McDuffie*, the Scotch steward, who is shocked by his master's democracy in England, is another amusing interpretation. Harry Blakemore does the independent negro servant, with a relish that is most enjoyable. George E. Riddell does *Lord Wycherly* in whom the new *Lord Breuster* finds an aristocratic land feudist when he lands in England, with skill and judgment and sincerity and Elmer Grandin and Emmet Whitney supply a rich border flavor in the characters of *Before-the-draw-Pete* and *Texas*. Frederick Tiden and Richard Pitman, Miss Rosalind Coghlan and Miss Nellie Malcolm appear to advantage in the romantic parts.

Strongheart.

If President Roosevelt ever has the good fortune to see "Strongheart" it will be an ill day for Rugby. Perhaps the President and all the others who clamor for a reform in this great game of barbarism have been slow to move because they have felt its fatalities and affrays were the mere result of chance, but to be convinced of the contrary it is only necessary to see the second act of "Strongheart." As the play pro-



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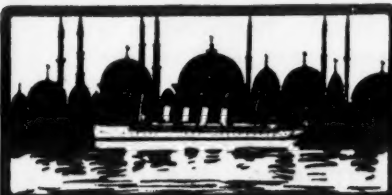
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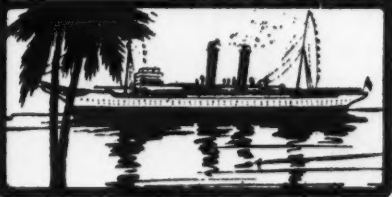
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The Heiress—But how can you love me when I'm so cross-eyed?"

The Suitor—You're not cross-eyed, dear. Your eyes are so pretty that they can't help trying to look into each other—that's all.—*Cleveland Leader.*

gresses the pale face comrades use the blade of prejudice on the cord of friendship for their Indian colleague, just because he is an Indian, and the incongruity of it all is laughable in view of that second act—the great football scene, wherein the teammates of "Strongheart" get a characteristic and realistic dressing down for their ping pong play with their opponents. "Why," shouts the trainer, "you haven't put one of the other side out of the game, and you have been playing fifteen minutes. Kill 'em! Put 'em down! Put 'em out! Win!" And the entire squad in unison signify their willingness to abide the command. Back as far as the "Strongheart" ancestry stretched there was never one who possessed any more savage feeling toward his fellowman than these same pale face comrades. But all this is merely incidental. It only shows how inconsistent is the white man. The play, "Strongheart," is not marred by it, even if our sentiment, prejudice or love of justice is. The piece is one of the more desirable class of attractions, American in theme and American throughout, smooth in action and with one or two situations of real dramatic intensity. The love story like the character of *Strongheart*, is "different" from the usual crop, and it is revealed with finesse by Miss Mary Boland and Mr. Edson.

The story of the play is that of an Indian youth, whose eyes have been opened to the advantages of civilization and education by a pretty white girl whom he has met in the big mountainous West. He enters college, quickly absorbs the spirit of comradeship, becomes the friend of all the boys, and their heroic and greatest football player. Incidentally he meets the white girl, *Miss Nelson*, who has shown him the new light, and feeling, as he has been led to believe by all, that he was the white man's equal, he loves, woos and wins her, only to learn from her brother and another chum, *Dick Livingstone*, his unconscious rival, that as an Indian he is impossible. Then comes the part that had to be adjusted to our prejudice—the maiden declares her love for the Indian youth, but he has to choose between her and his starving tribe, and they make the great sacrifice of giving up each other.

There is only one thing about *Strongheart* that is overdone, and that's the football feature. There's too much of it, and it isn't all quite pleasant to the eye or ear. Moreover, it isn't exactly necessary to the play. One act of football would be quite enough, the act, for instance, wherein Mr. Edson gives a most graphic, if a trifle barbaric description of the great football game. Quite a triumph in itself for Mr. Edson—a piece of acting and an elocutionary effort that need no building up or toning down. In fact, Mr. Edson, who has been only an indifferent success in other plays, seems to have struck his gait in *Strongheart*, and and he doesn't need a wind shield, either. As he said in the speech he was compelled to make Sunday night, he is quite familiar with the Indian character, "having been an Indian on several occasions," and he certainly depicts the red man as he is after the refining influence of education and the companionship of the white man. Mr. Edson's dialect is his only error. It's anachronistic—a cross between Italian and Sioux, perhaps, but it doesn't destroy the character as Mr. Edson has conceived it. In short, Mr. Edson's Indian so grips a person that one feels like saying with Frank McIntyre, the very corpulent and comic Billy, that "I'm ashamed of the whole d—d bunch" of white colleagues who turned on him.

Mr. Edson is indeed fortunate in having the pretty and talented Miss Boland to play to. She is a most effective actress, and a most accomplished



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sweetheart—a clever woman who ably sustains the strong situations in the play.

Mr. McIntyre—well, all the ladies in the audience said, "Isn't he a dear?" Mr. McIntyre furnishes the comedy flavor for the piece, and he's a mighty generous caterer. He is the ideal care-free college lad, who talks slang freely, loves all, and is beloved in return by his companions. He and Miss Louise Drew furnish not a little merriment in their love scenes.

H. David Todd, Francis Bonn, Ira Hards, Frank Gheen and Sydney Ainsworth are among the others in the cast who do capable work.

Gertrude Yerxa, Marjorie Wood and Lucille Stanford haven't much to say or do, but that little is done well.

The School Girl.

"The School Girl" is one of the pieces for which a revival without Edna May in the title role was deemed very unlikely—Miss May was so artfully clever—but the talented Miss Carrie Reynolds, who has been playing the same part at the Garrick this week, affords proof that the average stage-goer has "bats in his belfry" when he figures on such matters. In fact, Miss Reynolds has tackled the part of *Lillian* just as though she never had such an awful high standard to reach, and she is kicking goals from the 45-yard line at every performance. She's a success along her own lines. Miss Reynolds' *Lillian* is a gingery personality with a go that suggests all sorts of collisions with the blues. The successor to Edna May is close to perpetual motion. And she is more than clever. She can sing better than Miss May, and can dance like a house afire. She throws her feet like a life insurance president throws his "mitt" on payday. You forget all about the other *Lillian* when you hear Miss Reynolds sing "My Little Canoe" and other numbers that came her way. And there is a good company behind this young comedienne. There's Robert Whyte, Jr., as *Sir Ormsby St. Ledger*, Barry Maxwell, as *General Marchmont*, and Arthur Wooley as *Tubby*, all comedians who afford admirable fun and some excellent acting. Helena Byrne, vocally and otherwise, is an effective *Cicily*, and Mr. Gus Vaughan plays the artist lover, *Edgar Verney*, most suitably. Maybelle Raymond make a good *Mother Superior*.

"The Graftor," the new vehicle in which Happy Ward, of the old Ward and Vokes combination, is touring, has about an equal division of bright and dull spots, but between Mr. Ward, Lucy Daly, another of the old combination, and William Friend, they manage to make only the bad forgettable. Mr. Ward knocks a lot of clever nonsense out of "The Graftor," and he and Mr. Friend sing merrily the song of graft, "I Could Use Five." Lucy Daly is something more than amusing in her roles, deserted bride, and servant, and her singing of "My Bungalow Babe" and "Independence Day" are fitting finishes to her work. All in all, "The Graftor" is pretty fair entertainment.

The "Smart Set" at the Imperial this week is as good as it has always been, hasn't depreciated a whit. The company, if anything, has materially improved in singing and other accomplishments. They are producing a piece called "Southern Enchantment," in which an American millionaire and undeniable detective do some searching for a lost heiress in the Hawaiian Islands. There is wholesome comedy in the unfolding of the plot, and the only breaks are to bring in the vaudeville numbers, all of which are fitting and cleverly done. All the old songs of the South, such as "Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Down Mobile" are artistically rendered during the progress of the play, and there are

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We are showing the choicest and best selected stock of Furniture Novelties ever gathered under one roof. The entire first floor, including our Art Rooms, is devoted to this beautiful display. If you contemplate making a gift in furniture do not overlook this collection, which has won only praise and admiration from those who have seen it and noted the very moderate prices at which we offer them. Chippendale, Hepplewhite Colonial—in fact, all the classics represented in the different grades so as to satisfy every taste and any purse.

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When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

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ALMOST DAILY-
HOW OFTEN DOES
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A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?
REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
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EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.



Beauty and Strength

A Form Sublime
To Those Who Take

Vaucaire Galega Tablets

Bust Developer
Flesh Food and Tonic

They are by far better than any li-
quid preparation. They fill out shrunk-
en parts, develop the bust, create a
natural appetite, produce restful sleep
and clear the complexion. If you are
careworn and run down try a box of
VAUCAIRE GALEGA TABLETS and
note their wonderful effect.
Endorsed by physicians, noted authori-
ties on beauty culture, editors of
beauty columns of leading publica-
tions, and the New York Health Jour-
nal, the great medical authority. Three
weeks' treatment, \$1. Six boxes, \$5.
SENT BY MAIL IF DESIRED. One
box tablets equals 2 bottles liquid.
Positively no injurious drugs used in
the preparation of these tablets.

MELOROSE BEAUTY CREAM

A perfect Skin Food. Just the thing
to use while taking Vaucaire Galega
Tablets. Melrose is by far the best
cream for massaging, rounding out
hollow, shrunken parts and producing
a clear and beautiful complexion. Put
up in collapsible tubes, making it ab-
solutely antiseptic and convenient.
Price 50c.

FREE A liberal trial box of Mel-
rose Cream sent to anyone for
the asking.

Beware Some dealers may offer you a
substitute and possibly tell
you that it is "just as good" as our
preparations. Beware of them.
Take No Chance of being imposed upon.
Cut out this "ad" and
give to your dealer and say "This is
what I want." Made only by

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Suite 726, Star Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
The genuine can be obtained at
RABOTEAU & CO.

Mrs. A. F. Godfrey,
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Maryland Hairdressing Parlors,
312 North Euclid Avenue,

will be pleased to see her patrons, for all kinds of
hair-work and hairdressing. Electric and hand mas-
sage, manicuring and shampooing.

Phone Forest 3157.

rag time songs and other negro melo-
dies interpolated as they should be by
the members of the talented negroes of
the "Smart Set."

The Star Show Girls are giving a
novel and artistic show at the Standard
this week. A musical farce in one act,
"Deserters at Large," is the opener, and
it serves to introduce some good mu-
sical numbers and two good burlesque
comedians. "Jolly Days to Come" is
a particularly pleasing opening chorus.
Charles Nichols and Tom Nolan are
the funny men in the skit. The spec-
ialty bill is large and varied. Carney
and Wagner, in song and dance, Nolan
and White, in the sketch, "Looking for
a Record" the Toreador trio in "Dope-
fiend Bill." Ten Brooke, Lambert and
Ten Brooke, in a playlet, "Prof.
Schmalz's Academy," are among the
chief entertainers. The big travesty,
and one that is broadly farcical, occu-
pies the attention of the whole compa-
ny. It is entitled "Buying a Husband."

The Gayety show runs the burlesque
and vaudeville scales. The leading
feature is an acrobatic sketch, "The
Haunted Castle," in which the Faust
trio achieve some marvelous acrobatic
triumphs, and contrive to complete quite
an impressive scene. Other distin-
guishing features are furnished by Lot-
tie Freeman as the mechanical doll;
Raymond Clark, the rapid-fire conver-
sationalist; Campbell and Canfield, Irish
comedians; Catherine Taylor, soprano
in vocal selections, and the Majestic
Musical Four. The musical travesty,
"Papa's Coachman," is provocative of
much laughter.

Coming Attractions.

Miss Maxine Elliott will be at the
Olympic for a week's engagement open-
ing next Monday night, December 11.
She brings with her Clyde Fitch's latest
comedy, "Her Great Match." It is the
first of the present season's successes in
New York to be presented to a St.
Louis audience.

"Ann La Mont," a new play by the
same author that produced "The Heir
to the Hoorah," will be the Century
bill next week, opening Sunday night.
The play is said to be full of vigor
and Americanism. Florence Roberts and
Max Figman, both of whom are fa-
vorably known for their talent, will
have the leading roles, and ably sup-
ported, should produce capable enter-
tainment.

Coming to the Garrick next week,
commencing Monday night is the new
play, "The Bishop's Move." That well
known thespian, W. H. Thompson, will
appear in the leading role, and it is
said an exceptionally strong company
will support him. The new play is
said to be quite robust and suitable to
the taste of an American audience. It
is by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs.
Craigie).

Eva Tanguay, whose clever work in
"The Sambo Girl" and in other pieces,
has quite endeared her to St. Louis
theater goers, comes to the Grand next
Sunday afternoon for a week's stay.
In "The Sambo Girl." There is a
great deal of newness, it is said, in the
old vehicle, making it brighter and
catchier throughout, both in lines and
music.

"The Shadow Behind the Throne," a
new and forceful melodrama, will play
for a week at the Imperial, commencing
next Sunday afternoon. A capable
company, stirring situations and real-
istic scenic effects, combine, it is said,
to make the piece one of the best
melodramas seen at the Imperial this
season.

The Standard's offering next week
will be the "Jolly Grass Widows," a
burlesque aggregation, the peer of
anything on the Empire Circuit this
season. In the company are several
widely known fun makers, and a good
bill of specialties, including some new
and the best of the old popular songs.
A travesty the company is producing,



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Music by Vogel's Orchestra every evening.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive Sts.

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Handsomest
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Sepa-
rate Dining Rooms
and several Smaller
Rooms for Private
Dinner Parties.

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THEATER SERVICE.

MUSIC FROM NOON
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COLONIAL CAFE

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Society's Resort for parties and after-theater supper and
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Estimates Furnished for
Weddings, Banquets, etc.

Ice Cream and Fruit Ices a Specialty

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4701-4703 McPHERSON AVE.

is said to be quite a mirth maker.

"The Golden Crook," presenting
something new in the burlesque line,
including some new faces, will be the
Gayety attraction next week, opening
Sunday afternoon. There are several
good comedians, and a long list of
specialty performers. All the latest
popular songs are included in the en-
tertainment.

A new farce, from the Munich Bo-
heme, and entitled "Muenchner
Kind'n," (Children of Munich), will be
presented for the first time in this
country at the German Theater of the
Odeon next Sunday night. It is said
to be one of the most colorful enter-
tainments of its class, depicting in an
interesting and amusing way the
"Boheme" of Munich, where artists,
musicians and literateurs find an ample
field in the numerous beer gardens for
fun and frolic. The farce will be given
with all the adequate stage pictures
for which Director Welb is famous. It
will be followed next Wednesday night
by an especially arranged production
of Sudermann's "Die Ehre," (Honor).
This dramatic offering should appeal
to the American clientele of the Ger-
man Theater, for this Sudermann play
is not only one of his best, but is not
in evidence on the English stage. The
Sudermann problem of what consti-
tutes "Honor" is splendidly and intel-
ligibly worked out.

Hot Timers' Program

The Hot Time Minstrels' annual en-
tertainment at the Odeon next Monday
evening, December 11, will consist of a
first part, comprising "Ill-treated Trova-
tore," an operatic burlesque and a sketch

called "The Negro Nurse Girls," by
Messrs. Dewey, Hickey and Eugene F.
Kehoe; and their distinctive minstrel
show as the second part. During the
latter the following solo numbers will be
heard: Bass Solo—"In Bohemia,"
Dempster Godlove; "Tammany," John
Dauer; Tenor Solo—"For Ever and For
Aye," Stephen A. Martin; "If that Place
Called Heaven Was Only Mine," Dewey
Hickey; Baritone Solo—"Forget," Wal-
lace C. Niedringhaus; "Nicolline," Wil-
liam T. Lawrence; Bass Solo—"When
the Winds O'er the Sea Blow a Gale,"
Charles Roe; "What Yo' Gwine to do
When the Rent Comes 'Roun'?" Frank
C. Davidson; Tenor Solo—"A Soliloquy
of Smoke," Joseph A. Buse.

Mary had a little lamb; that time has
passed away. No lamb could follow
up that gait that Mary goes to-day. For
now she rides on airshod wheels in
skirts too short by half; no lambkin
shares her airy flight, but you can see
the calf. But is there one who can com-
plain or cry in woe, "Alas!" So long as
Mary's calf's all right, the lamb can go
to grass. So all the men delight to
gaze, their joy is not a sham, for while
the other critter's out they have no use
for lamb.—Exchange.

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becomes as necessary to modern business as the mail service, telegraph, or telephone. Visible writing, perfect construction, easy operation, and great speed, produce MONEY RESULTS, by saving 25 per cent of your operator's time with better and neater work.

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good enough to use.

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New Modern Homes in Beautiful
Tower Grove Heights

\$6500—\$500 cash, balance monthly. On Humphrey street, west of Grand avenue and south of Tower Grove Park; highest elevation in the city. These houses contain 9 rooms each, with elegant reception halls, slate roofs, tiled bathrooms, finest nickel-plated plumbing, polished oak floors and stairs, cabinet mantels, gas grates. Steel girders under entire house. Large front porch, terraced lawns, granitoid walks and basement. Absolutely the best values for the money ever offered for sale in the city. Agent on ground at all times.

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Dining Cars. Meals a la Carte.
Write for new book on Texas—free.
E. P. TURNER, General Pass'r Agt.,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Queens Dress Like Frumps

If you say a girl dresses like a queen you may mean to praise her, but, according to the testimony of perhaps the greatest dressmaker and authority on dress in the United States, you are "knocking." The queens of the world in this day are declared by this authority to have execrable taste in the selection and wearing of clothes, bad judgment of color schemes, and they go among their subjects attired in such dowdy style that a shop girl would give up her cherished trip to a picnic rather than wear such ill-fitting, badly chosen clothes.

Wilhelmina is the worst, according to this critic of royal garments, and Edward's queen is but little behind her, for, although she chooses clothes fairly well (or has them chosen for her), she does not know how to put them on or wear them, does not know how to wear her hair, or what to wear upon her head.

The dowager Margherita alone of all these crowned heads knows clothes. Some of them, according to the dressmaker critic, cannot even wear their crowns becomingly, and make their robes of state look like hand-me-downs from a bargain counter, while their every day clothes, placed on them by scores of maids, look as if they had been thrown at the wearer and alighted haphazard.

That England's queen manages to dress even as well as she does is because she has made a chum of a well-dressed American woman, who has shown her how to shop and something of how to wear clothes.

The kaiserin wears her hats too far back upon her head and her hair is of the short and fuzzy order around her forehead, which is hopeless in these days of luxuriant locks. She makes the mistake of drawing the rest of it back skin tight from her face, and this is one of the reasons that she is never at her best in evening gowns.

The kaiserin has not many individual ideas about her dress and leaves the details to her dressmaker. Her good figure and the fact that her riding hats are worn low over her forehead in a way that suits her, makes her riding dress the most becoming that the empress puts on. The late tip-tilted down hats are also more suited to her than anything she has worn formerly, and have improved her considerably.

"The dowager queens are, all of them, what the stylish American woman would call 'frumps.' Take Isabella, for instance. She gets herself up 'regardlessly,' of course, and makes courageous efforts after stylish effects even now that she is of an advanced age. Thick applications of paint and powder are part of her plan. The result, though, is far from successful.

"Queen Christina is too near Paris not to be well tinged with some of the good ideas that come from that metropolis, but she wears her clothes with a stiffness which is distressing even in spite of the youthfulness of her slender figure. Queen Margherita, of course, is the exception, as she dresses as beautifully as when she first swayed the hearts of the people of Italy by her wonderful laces and pearls.

Queen Helen of Italy, in spite of her beauty, will never have the taste of Margherita. Although she appears in stunning creations upon great occasions, her clothes usually have more of the appearance of comfort than great smartness. She has odd notions, too, about wearing her gowns a great many times, which she will do if she happens to like one particularly. Not long ago some one remonstrated with her about the number of times she was seen in a violet frock, and she remarked that, as the king liked it, she did not see any reason for not wearing it. Queen Ol-



We offer our Spices in this convenient receptacle which is both attractive and economical for use. A full set (18 cans) of Schotten's Spices packed in a handsome cardboard box for \$1.75. Send us the name of your grocer.

Awarded Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904.

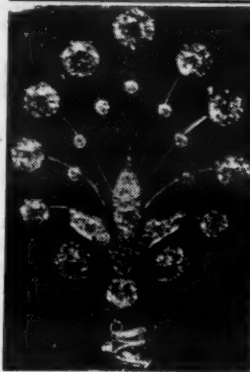
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Wm. Schotten & Co.

BROADWAY AND CLARK,

ST. LOUIS.

F. W. Drosten Jewelry Co.



Every reader of the "Mirror" is urgently
invited to inspect

THE INCOMPARABLE VALUES IN

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,

Cut Glass, Clocks, Opera Glasses,

Novelties in Gold, Silver,

Gunmetal, Etc.

Now Offering at the New Realm of Gems.

N. W. CORNER SEVENTH AND LOCUST STREETS.

FACIAL

—AND SCALP TREATMENTS—

613 PINE ST.

ROOM 15.

MISS NILA PAINE.

ST. LOUIS LADIES HAIR DRESSING PARLORS

MISS LAURA BUSER

THIRD FLOOR

506 OLIVE STREET

ga of Greece, beloved by her people as she is, has never shown great taste in her dress, and has always cared more for comfort.

The Game of Speed

Now-a-days the demands of business as well as of society call for speed. So it's up to everyone to keep up with the head of the procession and travel with as much ease and comfort as possible. The way to do it properly is an automobile. But be particular about the make. All autos are good but the new 1906 Winton, Model K, is the goods—it's better if not best. It goes whither it starts—always and uninterruptedly. It's the machine the people have been awaiting—a reliable, well built and at a reasonable price. The new 1906 Winton, Model K, is manufactured by the pioneer automakers of America, at Cleveland, and in reality is a \$3,500 car selling at \$2,500. The fact that there are already over 200 of these new cars now in daily use is proof of its exceptional merits. It's different from other cars and has no decided disadvantages. The motor can be started from the seat, a big improvement, comfort and saving of wear and tear. It is furnished with automatic oilers, has the individual clutch, the bevel gear and all varieties of speed are at the motorists' command without necessity of shifting gears or moving a lever. One pedal and two levers control the whole mechanism which is so simple the car can be operated successfully after a half hour's demonstration by any beginner. Every machine is subjected to a test of 200,000 pounds pressure before being put on the market, and in design and finish they are new, artistic and practical. The Western



DON'T SUFFER



With Your Feet

Instant Relief for all Troubles. Chilblains Cured. No Pain. Antiseptic Treatment.

DR. A. M. MUCHMORE,

509 OLIVE ST.

Ma'n 5395.

WELLS BLDG.

Automobile Company, whose advertisement appears on another page, in securing the local Winton agency has made a master stroke and they have likewise acted prudently in engaging Mr. Charles H. Bauer, a college graduate, expert and practical automobilist, as demonstrator and representative. A not or telephone call for him relative to the purchase of an auto will receive prompt attention.

Mrs. Fox—Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley.

Mr. Fox—What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must object.

"Nonsense! Are you out of your mind?"

"Not at all, but if we don't kick a little the Roxleys will think we don't amount to much and they'll probably call it all off."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea-lion in the Dublin Zoo): Where's its mate?

Irish Keeper—He has no mate, sorr. We just fade him on fish.—Punch.

Pictures framed and unframed, unusual subjects, Mrs. H. H. Heller, 4635 Maryland Ave., The Gift Shop.

The Stock Market

The past week's proceedings on the New York Stock Exchange were less spectacular than they had been for the preceding two weeks. There was a good deal of quiet liquidation, which was carried on while a few versatile industrials continued their precipitate advances. Compared with a week ago, the average price level shows a moderate decline. However, it cannot be said that there's anything like real weakness. The bull cliques are still at work. They continue to scout all talk of inflated prices and an approaching sharp reaction. They see no frowning dangers ahead. It is their opinion that the majority of stocks are still below intrinsic value. Of course, their words of optimism, their sophisticated arguments will deceive none of the experienced traders.

There's splendid reason to believe that the pyrotechnical performances in American Smelting, National Lead, American Locomotive and Virginia-Carolina Chemical are utterly deceptive. They are springes to catch woodcocks. Motley is the only wear for oafish fellows who yet cling to the theory that some of the lately popular specialties are really worth the quotations asked for them. The movements in these shares are chiefly aimed against unfortunate "shorts." What encouraging factors there were, did not warrant such extraordinary boosts in prices. Even if there should be a combination of smelting and lead interests, it yet remains to be proved that prices like those currently quoted are on a legitimate basis.

The monetary position is still precarious. Time money remains firm at from five to six per cent. Call money scored another rise of smart proportions latterly, but this could be considered the result, mainly, of end-of-the-month exigencies. The stiffness of the time-money market deserves careful attention. It is a factor that does not harmonize with bullish anticipations. It is something that makes conservative people hesitate to buy stocks at prodigious prices. There is certainly more profit in lending your money at current rates for three or six months than in purchasing shares yielding less than 4 per cent. Legitimate money conditions will, and must, in the end, determine the course and fate of the stock market.

Gold is being shipped to Mexico. This because the value of silver is rising. At New York the price for commercial bars is about 65 cents. Mexican dollars are quoted at from 50¼ to 52. At the advance in quotations, (which, at present, are the highest in nearly ten years), Mexican bankers find it profitable to sell their bullion and import gold. Up to this writing, New York bankers have forwarded about \$2,000,000 of the yellow metal. Prospects favor further shipments. This gold movement to Mexico is attracting unusual attention. It is abnormal, and takes place at a time when the money market in New York is least able to withstand much of a drain of this kind. If the shipments should assume larger dimensions, Wall street will, no doubt, have to count with another serious pinch in interest rates before the lapse of a great while. Last Saturday's bank statement showed surplus reserves of slightly over \$2,500,000, and an increase in loans, of almost \$11,600,000. These are figures not calculated to warrant hopes of a speedy return to easier money conditions. The surplus reserves are ominously low for this time of the year, and the wildly inflated values of many stocks make the situation still worse. It's a palpable condition, not a vague theory that now confronts ebullient Wall street. When the money market is on the ragged edge, there's little or no use arguing about unrecanted prosperity, and all that sort of thing. Prosperity does not last

long, as a rule, when interest rates have a tendency to grow prohibitive. It's easy money that makes for prosperity and tight money that undermines it. This may be a twice-told tale, but it remains of great import, nevertheless. Taken all around, the monetary outlook is not reassuring, neither in this country, nor in Europe.

The Bank of England made another fair showing last week, but it must be noted that its ratio of reserve to liability is still the lowest, for this season, since 1899. In Lombard street conditions are discouraging. There's a continued "unloading" of Kaffir mining shares. Russian bonds are on the downgrade. But for the fictitious support extended from Paris, these securities would have experienced a severe break in the last two weeks. On Monday, this week, they broke from 4 to 5 points. At St. Petersburg, the stock market continues constantly shaken with panicky spells. At Berlin, surface conditions are slightly better, but money rates remain unpleasantly stiff. The end of the year should witness another disgreeable spasm. French speculators are badly frightened at the unceasing turmoil in Russia. A further sharp depreciation in Russian bonds would lead to disastrous consequences in all the markets of the world. There can be no mistake about this. If French holders were to be seized with panicky fears and proceed to throw over a portion of their holdings of \$6,000,000,000 Russian bonds, neither London, nor Berlin, nor New York could successfully withstand the avalanche.

The directors of the St. Paul took pains, lately, to deny the story of purchases by that company of Kansas City Southern shares. They assert that not a share of the latter property has been bought. At the same time, official announcement was made that the intention of the St. Paul to build to the Pacific Coast would soon be carried out effectively. Financially, the company is in good shape for this construction work. There's some talk of an issue of convertible rights in connection with the financing of the extension. The last annual balance sheet demonstrated convincingly the sound position of the property. There were, then, cash assets over current liabilities of \$5,000,000, \$18,000,000 advanced from current earnings for improvements, \$6,000,000 in treasury bonds and \$2,742,000 as a material fund, thus making a total surplus of more than \$31,000,000. The company, it will be remembered, also has the right to issue \$25,000,000 new stock, this right having been given by shareholders many months ago.

Tennessee Coal and Iron continues to perform dazzling tricks. It's a fine gang which works these shares. There used to be gab, some time ago, of an improvement in the complexion and management of the new board of directors. It was a refreshing story, which has since been utterly refuted. The trader in this stock is still up against one of the toughest crowds ever known to Wall street.

The suggestion was ventured in these columns, at a recent date, that the Erie had made a bad bargain in purchasing the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. That suggestion has been amply substantiated in the last few days by the refusal of the Erie to abide by its agreement to purchase and the appointment of a receiver on application of creditors of the C. H. & D. and Pere Marquette. Morgan, it is intimated, will stand the entire loss of \$10,000,000. This latest exploit of high finance should be thoroughly probed. It suggests deep-seated rottenness.

Local Securities.

The trend of values on the stock exchange on Fourth street, in the past

H. WOOD,
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.

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Cashier.

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WHITAKER & COMPANY,

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300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS,

Condensed Official Statement of the Financial Condition of MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO., ST. LOUIS.

under call of Secretary of State, at close of business, November 9, 1905.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans	\$12,109,673.69	Capital	\$ 3,000,000.00
Bonds and Stocks	7,968,118.32	Surplus and Undivided	
Real Estate	385,414.59	Profits	5,547,473.96
Overdrafts	2,638.68	Deposits	16,997,224.72
Safety Deposit Vaults.....	72,000.00	Reserve for Interest on	
Cash and Exchange	5,101,651.09	Savings Accounts.....	50,000.00
All other Resources	6,927.39	Reserve for Reinsurance	
		of Liabilities as Surety	
		on Outstanding Bonds..	46,544.07
		All other Liabilities	5,181.01
	\$25,646,423.76		\$25,646,423.76

WE OWN AND OFFER SUBJECT TO SALE

\$50,000.00

Lincoln Real Estate & Building Co.
OF ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the
MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,
ST. LOUIS.

Special Circular on Request.

week, was downwards, with transactions on a smaller scale. There was considerable profit-taking in some instances. The buying demand was less urgent, but no decided pressure to sell could be noticed in any particular stock. Holders who bought for a sharp bulge are still clinging to their shares. Neither higher money rates, nor the erratic performances in Wall street suffices to weaken their faith in higher quotations.

The street railway shares are lower, United Railways common, especially. The latter dropped almost two points. The selling was not important, however. The large holdings seem to remain intact. The preferred is selling, in small lots, at 84¼, and the 4 per cent bonds are obtainable at about 88½. There was quite a little demand for them latterly. For East St. Louis & Suburban 5s 101½ is bid, with none offering. Old Union Depot 6s are offering at 117, with 116¼ the best bid.

Bank of Commerce has slid down a few notches. It is now quoted at 347¾ bid, 349¼ asked. Missouri Lincoln is selling, in a netty way, at 142, and

State National at 194, a slight advance over quotations of a week ago. Third National is higher, 329 being bid, 330 asked. For Jefferson Bank 275 is asked, and for Boatmen's 252 is bid. Mercantile Trust is still offering at 399, with no bids at this writing.

National Candy common is lower, being quoted at 9 bid, 9¼ asked. For the first preferred 98½ is bid, and for the second preferred 75 is bid, with 77 asked. For Simmons Hardware common 114 is bid, 115 asked.

Kansas City Home Telephone 5s are selling at 95¼, with limited demand. For St. Louis Brewing 6s 101 is bid, 101¼ asked. Offerings are very small.

The banks report a good business. Money is slightly easier, with rates ranging between 4¾ and 5½ per cent on good collateral. Clearances last week amounted to \$55,254,689, against \$59,236,933 for the corresponding week in 1904. Drafts on New York are somewhat lower, being 20 premium bid, 25 premium asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at lower rates, being \$4.86½

at this writing, Berlin at 95-18, and Paris at 5.16%.

Answers to Inquiries.

Subscriber.—Would recommend holding both Rock Island and Frisco common. No reason as yet to take unreasoning fright at poor earnings. The downward movement looks suspicious. A cut in dividend already well discounted. Would margin up and hang on to my shares. However, will be well for you to get out on first good spurt from present prices.

L. S. S.—Little known of Beaumont concern referred to. The best would be to pull out at as small a loss as possible. Properties of this class seldom prove a good investment, because insiders milk them in advance.

P. T., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Better take your profits on Kansas City Southern preferred. Car and Foundry common should react some, but will very likely rise further in case of continuance of good business. General market should react soon.

Go as Far as You Like

They boarded the car at Vandeventer and Olive, and while driving east in their big "auto," the pair of blooded cobs became unmanageable and started to walk away. Reginald vigorously tugged at the safety valve and the majestic airship began to settle, and finally righting itself again, Reginald and Marie were soon scorching the atmosphere about a half mile above the rooftops. Turning into Broadway to avoid the mounted officer who had relentlessly pursued them for many miles, from the Levee and Locust street, one of the runners of their cutter suddenly developed a hot-box and the buggy veering sharply collided with a telephone pole, throwing both Reginald and Marie with terrific gentleness into a paroxysm of laughter. But their tears were of no avail. No one came to their aid. They were in terrible distress, and it was quite likely from the position of the sun in the heavens that another day had dawned. They started to get the burrs out of their hair, and the locomotive cinders out of their eyes. They declared, as they pulled themselves from the snowdrift that they'd never ride through that tunnel again. But on second thought, Marie concluded it was the mince pie she ate Christmas that did it. However, they managed to elude the lynching party and arrived wide awake and, oh, so happy, at Scarritt & Comstock's Furniture store, Broadway and Locust streets, where they saw the handsomest display of arts and craft furniture and all the household necessities and novelties and ornaments, and they purchased a number of beautiful presents, real "dreams," for their friends and relatives.

Monkeys as Servants

The cleverness and imitative faculty of the monkey have been utilized by mankind in many ways during late years, and to-day this hairy animal acts as clerk, servant, laborer and tea packer in various parts of the world.

A female chimpanzee once went out to service at Loango, and made the beds, swept the house and assisted in the kitchen, peeling the potatoes and turning the spit.

These feats are equaled, if not surpassed, by a young monkey, the property of a sailor on one of Britain's ironclads. This animal can turn the capstan and furl the sails as well as anyone. He also assists the cook in preparing dinner and is adept at boiling eggs. Luckily the culinary arrangements on board a ship are not quite as exacting as those in a London hotel, or the monkey assistant might find himself in somewhat of a quandary.

Magazines

The Christmas editions and art supplements of *The London Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Pears' Annual* and *Holly Leaves*, under which title this special number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* appears, are beautiful mementoes, and useful ones, also, of the Yuletide. Each journal is in a colored cover, handsomely printed and illustrated, and the supplements of each are, in most instances, reproductions in colors of paintings from master artists, and should prove valuable ornaments in boudoir or den. *The London Graphic* presents as supplements, "Got Him," taken from the original of Arthur Wardle, and "Memories," reproduced from the striking painting by St. George Hare, R. I. The *Illustrated News* supplement, "The Proposal Accepted," is done by Marcus Stone, R. A.; that of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, entitled "Good Bye, My Lads," is by Fred Roe, and pictures Admiral Nelson departing for his flagship preparatory to sailing to Trafalgar, and *Pears' Annual* presents three supplements, "Saluting the Admiral," a tribute to Nelson, by Prof. A. W. Holden, "Sweethearts," a pretty child study by Fred Morgan, and "The Happy Mother," an animal study, by Madame Henrietta Bonner. From a literary as well as an artistic standpoint these foremost English publications excel their past records; the short and long stories being by some of the best known writers across the pond. All these publications may be obtained at news dealers, or from the St. Louis News Company.

Current Literature for December is a very readable digest of politics, literature and other subjects. The recent elections in their various aspects furnish material for an interesting line of conjecture and prophecies, likewise the rumored reassembling of Congress, which is said to be on the tapis. In its literary aspects this number is more than an ordinarily interesting one in the study of new books and information about authors. There is also a variety of attractive illustrations.

Tom Watson's Magazine for December contains some peppery editorial comment on the elections, the results thereof to the political bosses, and the progress of "Radicalism." And the insurance steal is the theme of an interesting and instructive article from Mr. Watson's own pen. Also the National Bank question, Lynch Law and reform movements. In addition there are some short stories and an occasional poem to give variety to the number. Among the more interesting special articles is one by Ernest Cawcroft, on the subject of public ownership at Bradford, England.

"No more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes the hour of eight."

"Gracious, Jeanette!"

"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, and furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names as he has been doing for two years."

"I am astonished."

"And to-night I am going to burn all the old love letters in my trunk."

"B—but why are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him? Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"—*Chicago News*.

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BOOKS

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New Books

"The Peace Conference," a poem by C. W. White, celebrating the passing of grim war; "The Marsh," a stirring dramatic piece by Bayard Boyesen; "Songs by the Sedges," some nature verses and lullabies by Ellen Brainerd Peck, are among the recent contributions to the book stands from the press of Richard G. Badger, of Boston. "The Blood of the Prophets," a book of verse on many themes, by Dexter Wallace, comes from the Rooks Press of Chicago.

A detective story of breathless interest and ever strengthening climax, is "The Czar's Spy," by William Le Queux, one of the foremost writers of England. It is one of the saner kind of mystery stories, but the materials are so deftly handled that it holds the attention of the reader to the end. Its interest is heightened by the glimpses it affords of the methods of the Russian government and the treatment of Russian political prisoners. It deals with a wonderful bunch of mysterious murder plots, and apparently unsolvable mysteries of all kinds, and incidentally two beautiful women who were schoolmates, a robber's palatial yacht, and a quaint historic Highland Castle figure in the tale. There is a sensational rescue of one of the women from a Russian political prison in Finland, and many other surprising adventures in which the great detective at work on the affair is a most active participant. The volume is one of the popular "red book series," from the Smart Set press. The price is 50 cents.

A novel edition of Dickens', "A Christmas Carol," a most suitable gift book for the holiday period, is printed on extra fine quality paper, the whole cut in bell shape, with a substantial embossed front cover, representing the Christmas joy bell, wreathed in holly and mistletoe. This unique book bears illustrations of Old Scrooge and one or two of the scenes in the story. It is a substantial specimen of novelty book-making. (H. M. Caldwell Company of Boston, publishers.)

A Good Piece of Advice

Do you find yourself in a hole, figuratively speaking? Are your personal affairs and your business in need of disentangling by a buckling down to brass tacks? Are you up in the air and don't know what to do? If so, take this advice: Search yourself, that is, your memory, and ascertain just what's to be done to straighten out the difficulties you are in, and having laid these away, side by side in your brain pocket, then select the hardest thing of all, tackle it like a bunch of Carlyle Indians on the gridiron, do it up to the "Queen's taste," and you'll immediately discover that your heart is many tons lighter, and the remaining tasks will be mere exercise. Now, supposing you are run down physically. What you want to do in that case, first of all, is quit worrying and prepare to build up an appetite. That's the hardest thing again, but it's the easiest once you make up your mind to arrange for a series of baths and massages in one of the finest bathing establishments in the world—the Belcher baths, at Fourth and Lucas avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Jimmie is at the age where the form pales before the substance. At the last party he went to, the principal dainty of the supper was delicate creamed chicken served in pretty frilled paper cases. On his return he was put through the usual catechism. "And what did you have to eat?" "Huh! nothin' but hash in candle-shades!"—*Harper's Magazine.*



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I admire your literary articles immensely. They have a real touch and are full of life and brilliancy.—Richard Le Gallienne.

I had it on my mind to drop you a line concerning Benigna Vena, as to which you gave me my money's worth.—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Check herewith for Benigna Vena, which I have read and greatly enjoyed.—George Ade.

My dear M. M.—I enjoyed the book very much.—Chas. Dana Gibson.

Enclosed find check for your beautiful book. Write more of them.—Alfred Henry Lewis.

Benigna Vena is beautifully printed from a specially cut font of 11-point type on a superior English paper. All tall copies. The page is 6½x9 inches, allowing a generous margin, and the book is in every respect a delight to the bibliophile. Pirie MacDonald has made a characteristic portrait frontispiece. Each copy signed and numbered by the Author.

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